Together

THREE DAYS TO SEE!
By Helen Keller

SHOULD WE PICK UP HITCHHIKERS? A Powwow

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families *July 1958*

75394

Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

JULY 15, 1958 **Vol. 2, No. 7**

Countryman's God	Roger Winship Stuart	2
Prayer Before Take-off	Edgar I. Doudna	9
Three Days to See!	Helen Keller	10
If a Teen-ager Picks Wrong Friends	L. Edmond Leipold	13
The Question	Zana Martin	15
Unusual Methodists		16
Saint in Stirrups	Paul Friggens	18
The Bible and the Bankbook	Lila Sheppard	21
It's So Peaceful in the Country	Wesley D. Osborne	22
Young Music Makers in the Mountains	(Pictorial)	24
What Others Do for Us	Ola Gladys Hylton	27
Adventures from Within	Carol Kingman	29
Don't Get 'Thumbed' Into Trouble — *Should we pick up hitchhikers? (Powwow)*	George Daniels	30
Backtracking John Wesley	Romey Pitt Marshall	33
British Methodist Tour — *Water colors by Floyd Johnson*		35
'Brother Van' Shooting Buffalo — *Oil painting by Charles M. Russell*		38
America's Fourth Faith	T. Otto Nall	40
Let's Make Sundays Pleasant	Calvin Bergdall	47
Our Home Is on Hobby Alley	Marjorie J. Burress	60
Protestant Pavilion at Brussels	(Pictorial)	63
News of the World Parish		7, 66
Camp Meetings Grow Up!	Adlai C. Holler	74

OTHER FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Letters	3	*Light Unto My Path*	48
Getting Along Together	12	*Looks at New Books*	50
A Prayer	28	*The Wicked Flea*	56
Spiritual Efficiency	44	*Dr. Nall's Column*	57
Teens Together	45	*Small Fry*	58
Looks at Movies	46	*Let's Get Acquainted*	72

That enticing curve of highway at picture's edge would coax one on anywhere or everywhere on a bright, green day in July. But Photographer Don Sieburg was content to stay awhile. Because he was, this colorful scene on the Connecticut River near Bradford, Vermont, is his—and ours—forever, come sunshine or snow.

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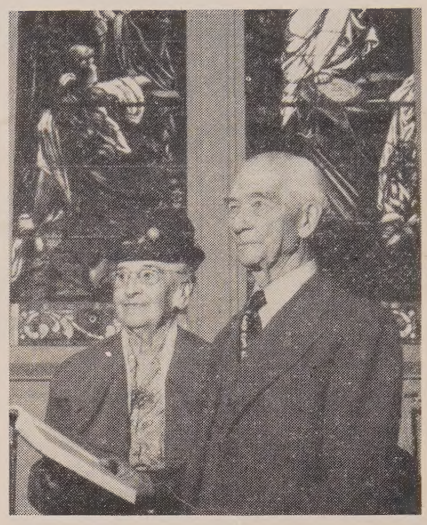
Lazy

...Wisdom

tired Bishop Ivan Lee Holt of St. Louis ddresses the Men's Club of First Church, ryloville. Nearly 200 club members, iatives, and friends heard his talk.

Dr. A. Ray Grummon, who is retiring from the pastorate of First Church, Springfield, preaches his farewell sermon. He served the church for 22 years.



Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hall, members of First Church, Alton, for 49 years, celebrate their 69th wedding anniversary. At an open house, they received callers all day.

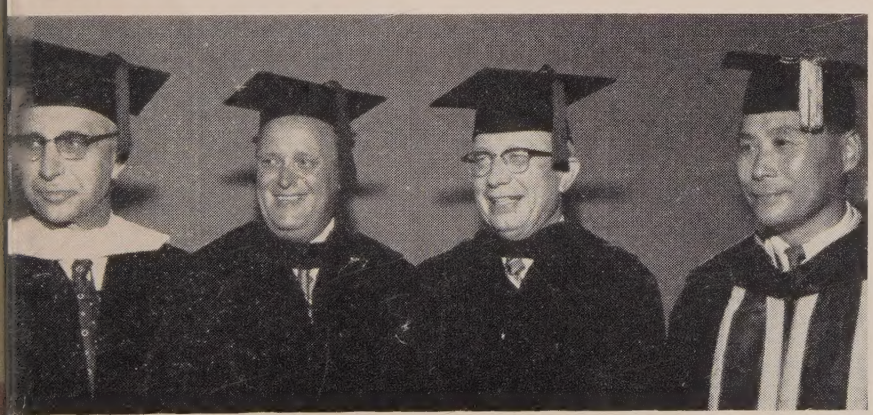
Several Honored by Methodist Schools

Several persons were awarded honary degrees at Methodist colleges and iversities recently.

MacMurray College, Jacksonville, gave doctor of science degree to J. Preston vis, Toledo, Ohio, and Dr. Gerald uis Wendt, New York City; doctor humane letters to Erica Anderson; doctor of divinity to W. W. Ben-, recently appointed superintendent the Bloomington District.

Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomton, honored Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary, Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, with a doctor of humane letters; Paul Chung, Northwestern University, with a doctor of laws. Doctor of divinity went to Joseph H. Albrecht, new pastor of First Church, Springfield, and to C. Wesley Israel, superintendent, Chicago Southern District.

A doctor of divinity degree was bestowed upon John L. Figley, pastor of First Church, Aurora, by McKendree College, Lebanon.



ese men received honorary degrees at Illinois Wesleyan University commencement: m left, Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary of the Board of Hospitals and Homes, icago; J. H. Albrecht, new pastor of First Church, Springfield; C. Wesley ael, former superintendent of the Chicago Southern District; and Dr. Paul ung of Seoul, Korea, on the faculty of Northwestern University Dental School.

Garrett Graduates 102

Garrett Biblical Institute graduated 102 persons at its 101st Commencement, the largest single class in the school's history.

The class included 11 women, one doctor of philosophy and 21 master of arts degrees granted in co-operation with Northwestern University and 80 bachelor of divinity degrees.

The Commencement Day program opened at 10:30 a.m. at the Garrett chapel, where faculty, graduates, and alumni met with the Chicago Ministerial Association. Dr. Murray H. Leiffer, professor of social ethics and sociology and director of the Bureau of Research, spoke on "The Church in Changing Europe."

Bishop Richard C. Raines of the Methodist Indiana Area, was speaker.

ROCK RIVER

Begins Building Program

Ground was broken Sunday, June 1, for the first of three units in a long-range building program for Bethel Church, 11034 S. Albany Ave., Chicago.

Construction began immediately on the $51,000, two-story educational building. The new unit will house a multi-purpose fellowship hall, classrooms, and kitchen. The present sanctuary will be replaced in the second stage of the building program with a third wing to be added later.

Lay officials, representatives from each of the organizations, and church leaders participated in the ceremony. The Rev.

C. Wesley Israel, retiring Southern district superintendent, preached at morning worship services. The Rev. John Hager, director of maintenance and expansion for the Rock River Board of Missions, participated in the afternoon ceremony.

Kendall Elects Nine

Four new members have been elected to the board of directors of Kendall College and five new members have been elected to the corporation.

The new directors are the Rev. Birger Dahl, Wilmette; Harry H. Janke, Glenview; Allen Mathis, Jr., Park Ridge; and John Wieland, Northfield.

Mr. Dahl, former minister of the Arlington Heights church, is now superintendent of Chicago Northern District.

Mr. Janke is secretary-treasurer of the Dakota Transport Company and the Move-Way Vans, Inc. He is a member of the Methodist church of Glenview, where he is chairman of the board of trustees.

Mr. Mathis is executive vice-president of Club Aluminum Products Company and chairman of the board of the Bank of Park Ridge. At the Methodist church in Park Ridge he is chairman of the finance commission. He is also a director of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

Mr. Wieland is purchasing manager for the Pure Oil Company.

Of the five new members elected to the corporation, four are from Evanston. They are Mrs. James B. Hoge, an alumna of the college and secretary of the Kendall College Alumni Association; the Rev. John Main, pastor of Emmanuel Church; Mrs. Henry A. Miner, newly elected president of the Kendall College Woman's Auxiliary; and Wim VanderGraaf, alumus of Kendall from Holland, now an advertising copywriter with Montgomery Ward and Company.

The fifth corporation member is Mrs. LeRoy Schmidt of Park Ridge, the Kendall College representative from the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Park Ridge Church.

The Rev. Wesley Israel, Southern District superintendent, greets South Deering Church members at ground-breaking ceremonies for new building on Chicago's southwest side.

Hecklers See Methodists Build Again

South Deering Methodists broke ground for a new $75,000 church amidst heckling from an irritated community Sunday, June 8.

Scene of the longest interracial strife in the history of the country, South Deering is a small community within Chicago. Tension began in 1954, when Negroes moved into the Trumbull Park housing project adjoining South Deering. Since the church integrated in 1957 it has been the object of a hate campaign by white supremists in the community.

During the ground-breaking ceremony, a cement mixer with loose stones in it was kept in operation, a neighbor cut his grass with his power mower, crowds heckled the congregation from across the street, and children rode bikes with horns honking. As a Methodist photographer left the ceremony, bricks were thrown at his car.

Nevertheless, each of the 250 persons present participated in the ground breaking with individual shovels, ashes from the former church, which burned in 1955, were scattered on the site, the old church bell was rung for the first time since the fire, and a model of the new church was unveiled.

Since the former church burned the congregation has been meeting in the Trumbull Park Fieldhouse. The Rev. David K. Fison is pastor.

The new church will include a sanctuary, church offices, Sunday-school rooms, parlor, and kitchen. It is being financed one-third by the local congregation, one-third by the National Board of Missions, and one-third by the Conference.

Name University President

The Rev. Donald F. Ebright, former missionary to India, has been elected the first president of the new Alaska Methodist University, which will be established in Anchorage.

Dr. Ebright, who is currently on the staff of the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago, was elected April 25, by the university's trustees meeting in Seattle, Wash. He will assume his duties Sept. 1. A native of Kansas, he is a graduate of Baker University and Hartford Seminary and has a doctor of philosophy degree from the University of Chicago.

The trustees have authorized architects to proceed with detailed plans for the new university's first building, a million-dollar all-purpose unit. Construction is scheduled for 1959, and it is hoped the university can begin classes in the fall of 1960.

Rock River Methodists are contributing $100,000 to the new university, as are other Conferences in this country.

Rock River Conference ministers and laymen stop at the building site of Garden Church, Oak Lawn, during a tour of the Conference to see new church building projects, proposed sites, and comity assignments totaling nearly 200 for development during the next 15 years. Oak Lawn Church, which was organized in 1957, has 178 members.

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Foreign Travel Popular

At least 22 Rock River Methodists are aking overseas trips this summer.

Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of *The New Christian Advocate,* heads up a party which will spend about eight days in the Soviet Union.

A group of a dozen leaders, some of whom will be touring Europe or attending conferences there earlier, will converge at Copenhagen, Denmark, for the centennial of Danish Methodism and will leave from there Aug. 10.

Consecrate New Building

Consecration services for the newly completed educational building of the Tinley Park Church were held Sunday, June 1.

The Rev. C. Wesley Israel, former superintendent of the Chicago Southern District, was guest speaker during the afternoon service.

Other participants were the Rev. James Odom, a former pastor; C. W. Marshall, architect; Herman Gee, building committee chairman, Henry J. Bettenhausen, trustee chairman; Mrs. Harold Brown, sunday-school superintendent, and the Rev. Kenneth Crandall, pastor.

The new two-story addition is brick and stone. It provides six large department rooms, each of which can be partitioned off into three classrooms. It also provides a pastor's study, nursery and toddler rooms, a choir room, and janitor and storage rooms.

Planning for the new unit was begun 1953, and drives for funds were held 1953, 1955, and 1957. The total cost approximately $125,000.

Map 'Methodist' Tours

As a service to groups who want to visit Methodist institutions in the Chicago area, the Rock River Conference Public Relations office has developed a tour of Chicago Methodism.

The plan, which may be unique in Methodist circles, works as follows:

Those interested in visiting Methodist centers in Chicago, write to Nelson Price, director, Methodist Public Relations, 77 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Ill. In response, a brochure is sent describing about 20 different places. The list includes settlement houses, hospitals, interracial and national background churches, old people's homes, churches in changing neighborhoods, Garrett Biblical Institute, Kendall College, the world-famous Chicago Temple, and the Methodist Publishing House, which houses seven national boards and agencies.

On the basis of the interests of the prospective visitors, the public relations office then plans a "tailor-made" tour and makes all necessary advanced arrangements with each institution or center to be visited.

The 500th member of the Roselle Church, Mrs. Fred A. Winkler, center, is presented with a copy of The Doctrine and Discipline of The Methodist Church *by Mrs. Douglas M. Fowler, chairman of the membership and evangelism commission. Mrs. Winkler is the 200th person received into the Roselle Church by the Rev. Carl A. Sattelberg, pastor.*

ILLINOIS

New Name for Conference

The 135-year-old name of the Illinois Conference was changed to The Central Illinois Conference at annual session in Bloomington, June 10.

Out-of-Conference speakers at the session, held June 10-13, were Dr. John O. Gross, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. J. Wallace Hamilton, Pasadena Community Church, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Dr. C. Everett Tilson, Vanderbilt University Divinity School; and Mr. Don Calame, Chicago, associate secretary, General Board of Lay Activities.

World Service and Conference Benevolences increased from $420,936 last year to $431,000. The goal for next year is $425,000. Approval was given to raising $300,000 in the next few years for the "Garrett Development Fund" out of an increased apportionment on World Service and Conference Benevolences.

At the closing meeting, 25 ministers were ordained deacon and 16 ordained elder following reception into full connection in the Conference.

The following were retired: the Rev. Vincent Chaffee, the Rev. Homer Delap, the Rev. Carlos Dunagan, the Rev. O. B. Enselman, the Rev. A. Ray Grummon, the Rev. Merrill J. Holmes, the Rev. J. T. Hutchison, the Rev. C. W. Leonard, the Rev. Arthur Miles, the Rev. David J. Powell, the Rev. Boyd Rudd, the Rev. E. L. Sauer, and the Rev. Harold L. Thrall.

Honor Retiring Pastor

When District Superintendent Clifford C. Brown conducted the Fourth Quarterly Conference for First Church, Springfield, more than 800 members and friends were present to honor their pastor, Dr. A. Ray Grummon, who was retiring after 22 years there.

New superintendent of the Bloomington District is the Rev. William W. Bennett, right. He discusses his new assignment with the Rev. Walter F. Day, whom he succeeds, Mrs. Day and Mrs. Bennett.

A "Panorama Story of Twenty-two Years" contrasted the current year's activities with the growth and achievements during Dr. Grummon's long pastorate in the capitol city.

One surprise feature of the program was the presentation of the first infant Dr. Grummon baptized in the church in 1936. This was Dolores Gerster, now the wife of John Sowinski, a local schoolteacher.

A few remembered his first Sunday. He had been transferred suddenly from Decatur, Ill., and the congregation was rather disgruntled at having a new man thrust upon them. The leading layman introduced him in strong German accent, "Vell, ve didn't want him, but here he is."

"Well," replied Dr. Grummon, "I didn't want to come, but here I am."

In appreciation for his 22 years of service, the congregation presented him with a purse of $3,000.

Grass Roots

My dear Friends:

Well, this is summer. Summer gives us a bit more freedom to choose what we shall be doing. Maybe we should be sowing some good grass seed in barren places.

In almost every meeting I attend, some speaker says, "Let us hear what the grass roots are saying." That's a good idea if there are any grass roots and if they have something to say worth saying. But every farmer knows how hard he has to work to get good grass roots. Weeds are apt to flourish in their stead. And in the city many a big building has around it bare land with no grass roots at all.

Sometimes I think the summertime, with children out of school and the schedule a bit less stringent, especially in the city, gives us opportunity to sow the good seed in places it is most needed. We can create good grass roots. Do the members of our family know and love each other as they ought? With more opportunity to be together at home or on picnics or going to the fair or church or just living at home, maybe we have opportunity to sow some good seed that will cover the bare places of misunderstanding and conflict so that our family members will be more appreciative of one another.

Most Christians are talking these days about the race question and we are wondering what we can do about that. When we do not sow the seed of understanding, suddenly what grass roots there are respond in a terrible way. Maybe we should do something to develop the proper grass roots. Surely every Christian should know at least one person of a different race than his own. Do you know anybody from Korea, or China, or Africa? Anybody whose skin is a different color from your own? People spend thousands of dollars to make a trip around the world to see how other people live and you could become a friend of somebody of another race where you are and your family could know there are different kinds of people in the world. Perhaps this summer you can sow some good seed and raise some good grass roots which will be heard from later on the racial problem.

Or there's the problem of juvenile delinquency. Have you ever taken time to get acquainted with a juvenile delinquent? Have you sowed any good seed in his life that might grow into a Christian harvest? During these summer days when people come and go quite freely, and talk to one another without the formality of introductions, maybe you could get acquainted with some young person who needs the gospel of Christ sowed in his life so that it may bring an abundant harvest later. Our great example was a Sower who went forth to sow good seed.

Well, anyhow, here's a good summer to you. We join you in the hope that the day may come when the grass roots will say the right thing. Meanwhile, let's give the young blades a chance.

Cordially yours,
CHARLES W. BRASHARES

Keys to the Havana Church's new $100,000 educational building are presented by Ray M. Wagy, chairman of the Board of Trustees, to District Superintendent Eugene Wisely during consecration service June 15. The Rev. Leslie R. Stewart, pastor, looks on. Bishop J. Ralph Magee, right, was speaker at the morning and afternoon services.

Four-car Caravan Tours Central Illinois

Eighteen young people and four adult counselors from Cisco Methodist Church in a four-car caravan made a 500-mile trip to see Methodist institutions in central Illinois.

They "slept under the stars" in two of the state's beautiful parks, and also enjoyed their own camp cooking. The three-day trip took them to the Keokuk Dam Locks, Nauvoo State Park and Detweiller Park, Peoria.

Their visit included Illinois Wesleyan University, Baby Fold, Methodist Hospital in Peoria, Sunset Home, Chaddock Boys School, and MacMurray College, all in the Central Illinois Conference of The Methodist Church.

—SOUTHERN ILLINOIS—

Three Boards Combine

Three Conference boards—Social and Economic Relations, Temperance, and World Peace—have merged into a new board known as the Board of Christian Social Relations.

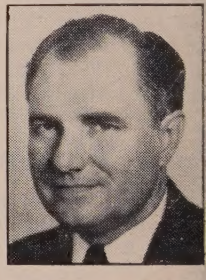
The new board met in Mt. Vernon June 10 and elected the Rev. Edwin H. Grant, chairman; the Rev. Homer Young, vice-chairman; Robert Helwig secretary, and the Rev. Billy Hahs treasurer.

Chairmen of important committees are M. L. Marshall, the Rev. Robert Hollis, the Rev. James Nettleton, Allton Jackson, the Rev. Jack Adams, and Robert Templeton.

Mr. Grant, pastor of the Centenary Church in Effingham, has been chairman of the Board of Temperance.

• At the recent session of the Southern Illinois Conference, Bishop Brashares appointed the Rev. W. L. Cummins superintendent of the East St. Louis District.

Dr. Cummins has been pastor of the First Church of Harrisburg for the past 10 years. During this pastorate he led this congregation in building one of the largest and most beautiful church buildings in the Conference.



Dr. Cummins

He has served as a member of the World Service and Finance Commission and as chairman of the McKendree College Board. The Cummins' have two daughters, one a missionary in Korea with her husband.

• The Rev. Paul B. Brown has been named superintendent of the Old Folks Home in Lawrenceville.

Mr. Brown takes the place of Dr. N. C. Henderson, who has retired. He has served as district superintendent of the Harrisburg District and for the past three years has been pastor of the Alton Main Street Church.

The Old Folks Home cares for about 100 elderly people.

• The Rev. Donald Lowe has been appointed executive secretary of the Conference Board of Education. He succeeds the Rev. Vernie Barnett, who became pastor of the Niedringhaus Memorial Church in Granite City.

Mr. Lowe is a graduate of McKendree College and Garrett Biblical Institute.

/e started out to sentimentalize about this picture. For a moment we were tempted
write something about our own boyhood when we used to laze in the sun and dream of
e things to be. Then it dawned on us: the story of this picture is deceptively simple. Here are
couple of normal, healthy kids like yours and ours. They are capable of intense activity, but they
ve the good sense to let down and relax and live each day to the fullest. Right now, they've
mbed out of the old swimming hole, they're feeling cool and clean and for the moment
n't have a care in the world. Who was it who truly said, "A boy is wisdom with
bble gum in its hair"? We hope that on your summer vacation this year you'll
ake up your mind to practice some of this same wisdom.—YOUR EDITORS.

COUNTRYMAN'S GOD

Who reaps the grain and plows the sod
Must feel a kinship with his God:

For there's so much on earth to see
That marks the hand of Deity.

When blossom springs from tiny shoot:
When orchard yields its luscious fruit:

When sap is running from great trees—
On all occasions such as these

The man who breathes fresh country air
Must know full well that God is there.

By ROGER WINSHIP STUART

From Masterpieces of Religious Verse, © 1948 by Harper and Brothers.

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

tany: Eloquent Yet Simple

MRS. EUGENE T. BREWSTER
Temple City, Calif.

What a magnificent expression of be- is Norman Cousins' *Litany for Mod- Man* [May, page 1]. It is eloquent, simple; powerful, but humble . . . two extremes which seem to be nd in great writing. I am proud to Cousins' words in TOGETHER.

estions Right-to-work Stand

OSCAR A. AMUNDSON
amestown, N.D.

n the May *Newsletter* [page 7] is the sement: "In other resolutions at its ent semi-annual meeting, the 46- mber body (Board of Social and nomic Relations) declared its op- ition to right-to-work laws."

aving had firsthand contact with ployee relations for over 25 years as nt and district manager, employing eral hundred men and women, I stion the propriety of our Methodist rd adopting such a resolution.

h North Dakota we have had the t-to-work law for a number of years e same as some 20-odd other states. feel that men and women qualified work in their respective fields should be compelled to join a union to ob- or maintain employment. We feel should they desire to join an or- zation after becoming employed, is their prerogative.

y Did Preacher 'Hide'?

GER D. CONKLIN
Grange Park, Ill.

is impossible to imagine why a stian, let alone an ordained min- r, would intentionally conceal his in Christ while living and working ng spiritually starved men. [*The l Passer Was a Preacher,* May, page

on Fleming has described a group eamen living in the depths of de- r—isolated, forgotten, and lost, be- ing that nobody cares for them. He ders how men can stand it without ith by which to live and a hope to h they may cling, yet he most care- y avoided any opportunity to share faith and present Christ as the only e of mankind . . . as did the over- ous mission worker in inviting the to confess their sins and accept us Christ. Perhaps it has been so long since he has seen a man soundly converted that he wrongly assumes it doesn't happen in this modern day.

Teen-ager Speaks Up

BARBARA IMLER
Eldon, Mo.

I wish to tell you of TOGETHER's great help to me, a teen-ager. I wait impatiently each month for my copy. Recently I made a speech for my English class from one of your articles on all-night parties [*What About Those All-Night Graduation Parties?* April, page 26]. And a friend took her speech from *Hell Week's Gone,* [March, page 20]. She said she wishes her church would issue such a nice magazine . . . We teen-agers need more like you!

It's 'Tops' in Methodism!

SEMERAMIS KRITZ
Warsaw, Ind.

I was interested to read in TOGETHER [February, page 72] of the Cerro de Pasco's church in Peru being the highest Methodist church (altitude, 14,000 ft.). Our Methodist church at Punta Arenas, Chile, is our church farthest south. I was a missionary in Peru for 13 years and in Chile for 6½ years.

Readers Respond in 35 States

MRS. WALTER KLEM
New Eyes for the Needy, Inc.
Short Hills, N.J.

Since publication of *The Gift of Second Sight* [February, page 17], New Eyes for the Needy has received 850 letters from your readers asking how they might help the needy toward better vision. From 35 states, letters have arrived from groups such as the young adult class of Winnie, Tex., the missionary societies of Salem, Ore., the junior-high Fellowship of Bloomington, Ill., the WSCS of Woodlawn, Tenn., and the Park Methodist Church of Elizabeth, N.J., to mention only a scattering of representative groups.

Many interested individuals also have written to us and offered their services in the organizing of collection drives for discarded eyeglasses and metal scraps.

For the needy: 850 helpers in 35 states.

Birth Control Article Studied

EDITH HARTMAN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

As a high school and now a college student, I have found many of your articles useful in my studies. My only amazement comes from the many letters you get criticizing some of your finest (in my opinion) articles. *If* I were to criticize *Light Unto My Path* because I thought it "too old-fashioned," I am sure I would soon be put in my place by many of the same people who claim to be shocked and ashamed by such articles as Margaret Sanger's *Too Many People* [September, page 16] or last July's cover.

The Conservation Department here at the University of Michigan recently held a seminar on religious views on birth control. We had a Roman Catholic priest and a Protestant minister give their views. Many times during our discussion I thought of Mrs. Sanger's article. I am proud TOGETHER published it.

Too Many Photographs?

MRS. F. W. LEHMANN
Rapid City, S.D.

In my opinion, your May issue hit a low I didn't think possible, even with TOGETHER. In our age there are many mass media that entertain but few that instruct, and we could certainly use more in the latter category. Since I can't keep TOGETHER out of my home even by refusing to pay for it (I belong to a 100-per cent church), please print more articles that disturb us and make us think instead of so many colored photographs.

She's Getting 'More Disgusted'

ARYLENE R. STEVES
Eugene, Ore.

This is my first letter of this kind, but I guess it's about time! I have just recently started to read the *Letters* column and I'm getting more disgusted all the time.

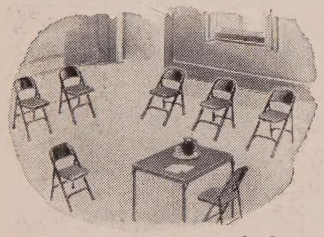
First there are all the letters about the "shocking" pictures in TOGETHER. Personally, I have not seen any. The pictures are of life, and all of us live life. The only things that are sinful

Samsonite Exclusive!

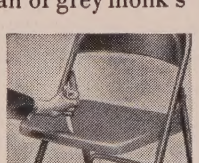
SAMSONITE PLASTISHIELD

brings the upholstered look to the world's strongest steel chair

Your church instantly takes on new elegance with Samsonite PlastiShield folding chairs!



Samsonite has discovered that vinyl sealed to steel actually resists damage better—is more durable. What's more, PlastiShield, guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, has the look and feel of fabric to go along with its colossal strength. In washable tan or grey monk's cloth pattern.



Samsonite is slash-proof! Knife blades are ineffectual against PlastiShield's surface. Won't nick, cut or tear.

Samsonite is burn-proof! Let cigarettes burn right down to the tip—not a sear or singe on PlastiShield's surface.

Samsonite is stain-proof! PlastiShield's protective surface sponges clean. Even nail polish or polish remover rubs right off.

FOR FREE BOOKLET write today to: Shwayder Bros., Inc., Institutional Seating, Dept. T0-7, Detroit 29, Mich.

or disgraceful about them are the thoughts that go through some peoples' minds when they see them. A bare leg or a low-necked dress cannot be sinful in itself.

Thank you for a very wonderful, helpful and "faith full" magazine.

In Error, a Name

FLOYD C. CONRAD
Corydon, Ind.

There is a mistake in the name under one picture in *The Christian Family: Work, Play, Love, and Worship* [May, page 35]. It isn't of the Albert E. Conrad family; it's of Floyd C. Conrad's. Albert is our uncle who lives next door. A bachelor, he is the older man in the picture. The pictures are really great.

Stressing 'Unity In Our Diversity'

MRS. FRANK HANAWALT
Seattle, Wash.

How much TOGETHER means to us and how well the title fits "our" Methodist publication!

For TOGETHER not only stands for families, working, playing, and praying together [see *May pictorial*, p. 35], it also reminds us as we read the *Letters* column how many and varied are the opinions and beliefs of those who are united together in our Methodist fellowship. The emphasis on reader contribution and query makes us feel we are truly putting out *our* church magazine together.

Yes, TOGETHER *is "our" magazine—and by "our" we mean all Methodists. We couldn't produce it without generous aid from readers!*—EDS.

Dr. Peale Reports . . .

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, *Pastor*
Marble Collegiate Church
New York City

I have just finished reading your May issue from cover to cover and it is a masterpiece.

First, there is the article [*God Answers By Littles*, page 9] by Bishop Welch, whom I love and who is always so wise. Then there comes that fascinating article by Sir Leslie Munro on *Who Should Own The Moon?* [page 10], and I got a great deal out of that.

And I was fascinated by Don S. Fleming's article, *The Coal Passer Was a Preacher* on page 14. I always like to see a man-sized man as a preacher and anybody who could shovel coal on a ship as he did, and transmit the gospel to so many, really is an inspiration.

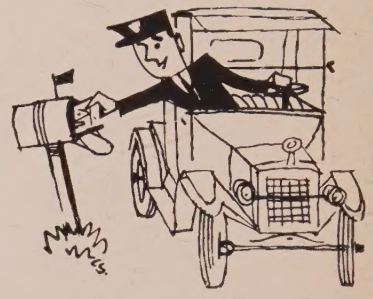
Boy Meets Teddy by Harry E. Riesberg [page 17] was a wonderful story. And that one by Ruth Clark, *The Words That Didn't Die* [page 28], blinded my eyes with tears. What wonderful truths, so tenderly expressed!

Likes to Lug Together!

ROBERT D. FLEISCH
Richmond, Ind.

Being a rural mail carrier, I have the opportunity of seeing, firsthand, all the religious publications as they pass across my case and I would like to say that TOGETHER is, without a doubt, the finest of them all. It is a magazine with a heart and a message for all ages.

I am Sunday-school superintendent at a rural Methodist church in Boston



Ind., and it makes me proud to think that The Methodist Church publishes such a fine magazine. I have seen the number of copies multiply many times on my route alone and I know this is happening all over the country.

Barbara Wins This Round!

MRS. GEORGE W. C. BURGETT
Ketchikan, Alaska

I would like to share with your contributor, Shelton McKean, the chain reaction in our home started by her *Lessons on the Looking Glass* [January page 26].

Our daughter, Barbara, has just accepted the fact that 11-year-olds do wear dresses or skirts and do put up their hair. However, keeping teeth clean by thrice-a-day scrubbing is quite a chore; her dad and I have found the continual reminding quite a chore, too.

We were delighted when we read the verse, "I think that I shall never see . . ." so we, too, pasted it on the medicine-cabinet mirror. This morning when we arose, pasted immediately above was:

If parents would their business mind
I am sure that they would find,
More time to devote to earthly things
Such as Sputniks, missiles and 'raniun
rings.
We'll 'tend to teeth (thanks for being
so kind).

Again, we ask, how can parents win?

Letters Put Articles 'Under Fire'

H. W. KENDALL
Kearney, Nebr.

I want to tell you how eagerly interested we are in TOGETHER as it makes regular visits to our mailbox. Our

"Because I was losing my good disposition, my doctor started me on Postum!"

"You know how it is. You don't sleep too well, you don't feel just right. And suddenly you're scolding most of the time.

"My family made me go to the doctor. He said perhaps I was '*over-coffeed.*' I didn't think I drank that much coffee, but he explained some people just can't tolerate the caffein in coffee. He suggested I drink Postum instead because Postum is caffein-free, won't irritate the nerves or keep you awake.

"You know, Postum is really good. Doubly so because I sleep so much better, feel so much better, behave so much better."

Postum is 100% coffee-free

Another fine product of General Foods.

church has voted to have it sent to every family of the church on the "All Family Plan" and I am sure it is a good investment. I especially enjoy the correspondence and it sets us digging into past issues to re-read the articles that come under fire. Some curious viewpoints are often in evidence.

'Something for Everybody'

DANA FIELDS
Palmyra, Maine

I have been receiving TOGETHER for over a year and am much pleased with its content. There is something for everybody. I keep copies on my desk in the college dormitory. Catholics, Protestants, and nonbelievers all read it. It's great to have a magazine so spiritual and yet so informative.

Dead Drunks Don't Talk

MRS. JOHN WERNER
Cincinnati, Ohio

I just read the news item, *Should Airlines Serve Drinks?* [April, page 7]. It says Stanley Gewirtz, Air Transport Association vice-president, asserted that "not one aircraft accident in 20 years could be traced to the serving of alcoholic beverages."

No, of course not; dead people cannot talk! Have they really found out the cause of any accidents of airplanes when all passengers are dead? It could have been due to some drunken person or other cause. No one living knows. And even if not, why subject the other passengers who do not drink to some of the obnoxious and terrifying actions of a drunk on an airplane? The fact that the pilots and stewardesses don't want it served should be enough reason. . . .

A Catholic Reader Comments

ELIZABETH RABIDEAU
Norwich, Conn.

I am a Catholic and have read each issue of TOGETHER, and now I have one comment to make—it's wonderful. I believe it is a good magazine for any Christian, regardless of religion.

Questions Re: Unwed Mothers

MRS. RAYMOND W. JONES
Knoxville, Tenn.

Haven for Unwed Mothers [June, page 13] raises many questions: Has Charlotte truly "paid the price"? Can she atone for her wrong by living an upright life henceforth? Has she learned how to prevent similar experiences by others in her community? If Charlotte came from a good home and church life, and if many TOGETHER readers need the hope the article holds out, then how desperately the church, the home, and TOGETHER must ask themselves: "Where did we fail? How can we give youth the power to avoid, not the consequences of sin, but sin itself?"

What a wonderful opportunity to help is yours, going into so many homes, and read by old and young!

Bouquet for Brother Barnabas

MRS. GRACE B. KLUCK
Wauwatosa, Wis.

So you would like an expression from your readers regarding the book-review section!

This reader believes it is one of the best. The reviews are most helpful in making selections of books to read and give a good all-over picture of books available, even though one cannot read all of them.

'Later': Sad, Touching, Helpful

VICTORIA VAN BOSKIRK, *Age 12*
San Diego, Calif.

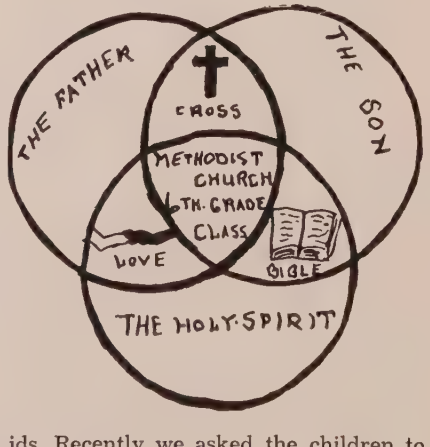
My whole family believes that *Later* [January, page 13] was touching and sad. I am sure you will receive no criticism.

I am glad that you put this story in your magazine. It helped me to realize that the little things now are the important things later.

Symbolism From Sixth Grader

LE ROY LEWIS
Rockford, Mich.

My wife and I teach a sixth-grade Sunday-school class in the Burton Heights Methodist Church, Grand Rapids. Recently we asked the children to draw a symbol for our class. Here is one result—from Virginia Bockman.



I decided to send this to you because of the article [February, page 75] illustrating Christian symbols.

Chaplain's Dilemma . . .

CARL KEITH, JR.
Evanston, Ill.

This is a reply to the remarks of Chaplain Paul McAfee in *So Your Son's Been Called Up!* [May, page 43].

I don't believe a chaplain in the armed forces can do much to alleviate the spiritual suffering of a boy who has been brought up in a Christian environment. The draftee has been led to believe that army life is pleasant and profitable, or he is told it is a moral obligation from which there is no retreat—as if the state were God . . .

The chaplain is faced with a dilemma: What am I to tell this boy? If I say he is right, that all war is evil and we have no business taking part in it, then I ought to turn in *my* uniform. But if I suggest he is wrong, that war is the business of all of us, then I violate my vocation as a representative of Christ.

Instead of trying to get the Christian "adjusted" to becoming an actual or potential murderer for the state, I suggest that all of us place greater emphasis on nonviolent ways to prevent war.

Heroes Are Homemade

LT. COL. DAVID E. MILOTTA
Fort Rucker, Ala.

Chaplain McAfee's *So Your Son's Been Called Up!* [May, page 43)] is outstanding. If parents prepare their sons, their military service can be most beneficial. As a battle-group commander, I can testify that the men who waste their time or get into trouble have not had such preparation for the service.

Today's paper carried an account of university youths throwing rocks and eggs at their president; in the same issue, Roger W. Babson states: "Dare I say that most of our youth are what our homes have made them?"

If the parent has prepared his son properly he will benefit from the sacrifice he has made and he will return home more fully appreciating the sacrifices made by those who have gone before us so that we may be free today.

Are Sororities Undemocratic?

BARBARA THORNBURG
Huntington, W.Va.

I have enjoyed TOGETHER but . . . now have a complaint. In *Teens Together* [February, page 43], Dr. Barbour answers a question by M. R. on sororities by saying: "Sororities are undemocratic, sometimes downright snobbish, and many fine girls are rejected."

I have been a member of a sorority four years, having been president of my chapter one year. . . . In sororities there are certain quotas set up by the colleges whereby a sorority can only take a certain number of girls each rush season. Often girls who are not well known by members are pledged in a subsequent season. Some sororities have scholarship qualifications. Surely, this is undemocratic; but nearly every organization has qualifications for membership. It is true that many good girls are overlooked at first but many of these are pledged later.

Together / NEWSLETTER

THODISTS CALL OFF PAROLE PROBE. A special committee of the Philadelphia Conference has decided to cancel its investigation of Pennsylvania's parole system. The decision came with the state's refusal to allocate funds and grant subpoena powers to the committee. Without these the probe would be doomed to failure before it started, Bishop Fred Corson wrote Gov. George M. Leader.

URCH SEEKS TO OPERATE AEC HOSPITAL. Methodists in the Holston Conference are making a bid to operate a $3 million Atomic Energy Commission hospital to be built at Oak Ridge, Tenn. Other groups are after the job, too, including Oak Ridge City Council and Sisters of Mercy of the Roman Catholic Church. Voters will decide in a referendum.

POSE CHURCHES FOR SEGREGATED CLASSES. Methodist churches in Virginia are being urged to resist the use of their property for segregated school classes if the state closes its public schools. The Virginia Annual Conference overwhelmingly voiced its opposition at its recent annual session in Richmond. Another recommendation urged churches to set up commissions to study race relations.

V SALARIES: DEBT-RIDDEN CLERGY. A study of nine major denominations, including Methodists, by the National Council of Churches, paints a dismal picture. Two thirds of the ministers polled are in debt; for many, indebtedness is increasing. Average cash salary: $4,432 a year for a 60-80-hour week. Salary is higher than five years ago, but living-cost hikes have cut net gains. When retirement comes, many ministers have no home, no savings.

THODISTS DEBATE 'RIGHT-TO-WORK' LAWS. Ohio and California-Nevada Annual Conferences contend the term "right to work" is incorrect. And in recent speeches Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam and Charles P. Taft, National Council of Churches vice-president, said it is misleading. They argue that such legislation could not guarantee any man the right to work. The proposal outlaws the union shop. While Ohio scored terminology, the Conference voted not to oppose a state referendum on the measure. The Southern California-Arizona Conference instructed its Board of Christian Social Relations to give information on both sides to local churches.

(More church news, page 66)

INDEPENDENCE WHEN OLD

"Please accept sincere thanks and appreciation for your prompt sending of Life Income check. It is a pleasure to feel that this investment is planned to bless others while giving us indepen dence as we grow old."

Life Income Gift Certificate

WOMAN'S DIVISION OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

Let the coupon bring you full particulars of how you can enjoy security and independence as the years advance and eventually leave a legacy of blessing to world-wide Missions. Find out what you will save in expense, anxiety, trouble and loss when you put your money in these Annuities. Buy them annually (available in amounts of $100 and up) and thus accumulate an estate that can never be dissipated and that always will pay you a dependable income. You get income tax advantages and can leave life-income legacies to loved ones or dependents if you wish.

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MAIL NOW!

Yes independence and security are what I want as the years advance. Please send me full particulars of your Life Income Contract guaranteeing safety of principal and high income return.

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WOMAN'S DIVISION OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

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A Story from Greensboro, North Carolina

"When we were deciding how to adjust our church budget, someone suggested that perhaps the TOGETHER All Family Plan should be eliminated—after all we had operated for years without TOGETHER. We decided to find out from the congregation what we should do. We asked! Then the mail poured in—all raving about TOGETHER and how much it means."

"I think our board has learned a lesson that we should have known all the time. Just because you cannot see the results in black and white doesn't mean that 'fate and faith' are not working . . . the previously unknown benefits were now revealed to us. Yes, we are continuing the All Family Plan."

Chas. P. Bowles

Charles P. Bowles, Pastor
West Market St. Methodist Church
Greensboro, North Carolina

METHODISTS IN GREENSBORO SAID:

"An excellent magazine that helps to meet the modern inspirational needs."
Dr. Emmett Lupton

"I wish we had such a magazine when my family was growing up."
Mrs. E. A. Thompson

"I find this magazine of great value in teaching in public school."
Mrs. Wayne W. Miller

"The whole family enjoys it and thereby we are benefited greatly."
Mrs. Robert F. Neese

"This is good reading for all."
Dr. R. B. Davis, Sr.

"To me, it seems that every Methodist family should read and enjoy this fine magazine."
Mrs. J. W. Allgood, Sr.

"I do enjoy the TOGETHER Magazine then pass it out to shut-ins and sick people who enjoy reading it."
Ellie Mae Glover

"TOGETHER is one magazine that even our ten year old enjoys as well as the adults."
Mrs. Tom B. Sain

"I read every word of TOGETHER and then pass it on to a family with several children. They love the magazine."
Mrs. G. C. McQueen

"Three generations contribute to our family—mother, daughter and mother's aunt; we read and enjoy TOGETHER Magazine."
(Miss) Cora L. Earp

"Thank you for sending TOGETHER to us for a year. Our whole family loves it."
Mrs. T. G. Overstreet

THEIR (and your) ALL FAMILY PLAN WORKS THIS WAY:

1. TOGETHER is ordered for all families of your congregation. Minimum requirement: that number of families contributing to annual budget. TOGETHER is mailed direct to your homes each month.

2. Your church is billed four times a year at the low All Family rate of 50¢ a family. ($2 from your yearly church pledge is allocated for your TOGETHER, saving you $1 from the regular $3 rate).

3. Additions and corrections are made on your church's mailing list monthly by your pastor as new families join your church and others move. All Family orders continue automatically through the quarterly billing system. There is no need for renewals since All Family orders do not have expiration dates.

TELL YOUR PASTOR THAT YOU APPRECIATE TOGETHER:

Just as you tell your pastor when you have found one of his sermons especially meaningful and beneficial — let him know your appreciation of TOGETHER.

And if yours is not yet a TOGETHER church (8000 are) propose the All Family Plan at your next church meeting. Do it soon so that you and others of your church will receive the even finer issues in the months ahead.

For [illegible] and All Family order forms, write today. The address is

Together / **740 North Rush Street • Chicago 11, Illinois**

(ADVERTISEMENT)

An airline pilot, responsible for human lives, finds spiritual strength for each flight in a

Prayer Before Take-off

By EDGAR I. DOUDNA

EACH HOUR of every working day I, as an airline pilot, am responsible for that most precious of all cargoes—human life. My regular working tools are an airplane, a trained crew, airport facilities and personnel, my own abilities and training—and my religion.

I am a captain pilot for United Airlines, regularly assigned to passenger flights. It is my religion that gives me faith in my God-given abilities, as trained and developed by men. This confidence, in turn, helps me respect and trust the human beings with whom I work—and the intricate machine I fly. As I see it, this gigantic machine is given temporary life and purpose through the combined efforts of many people.

I can't point to any single incident and say, "Only with God's helping hand did I safely discharge my duties that time." But I know with no uncertainty that God guides my thoughts and actions every time I fly.

I am grateful for the mental and physical abilities, gifts of God, with which I am able to do my job.

I believe it is imperative to keep my life as free as possible from spiritual and physical dissipation so as not to deteriorate that which God has freely given me.

The Christian religion is my guide for this pattern of living.

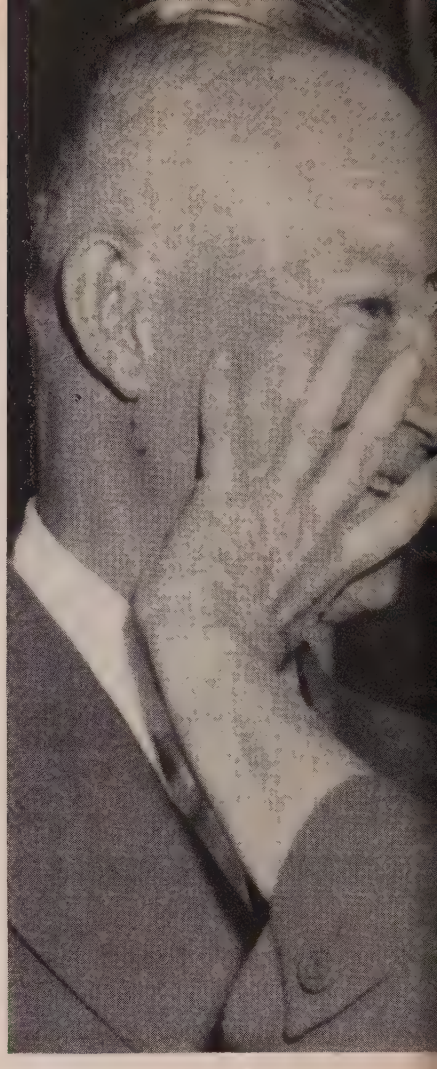
Before each flight, I spend a moment in meditation. I request God's help and presence so that I may be vitally aware of my responsibility and conduct the flight in a manner acceptable to him.

I feel God answers my request. As I use the abilities he has given me to manipulate the controls, interpret the instruments, and evaluate the weather and traffic, I find an added source of strength and help. I am not alone. God, I know, is flying with me.

A woman, blind all her life,

tells what she'd do if she had . . .

Three Days to See!



By HELEN KELLER

I HAVE often thought it would be a blessing if each human being were stricken blind and deaf for a few days at some time during his early adult life. Darkness would make him more appreciative of sight; silence would teach him the joys of sound.

Now and then I have tested my seeing friends to discover what they see. Recently I asked a friend, who had just returned from a long walk in the woods, what she had observed. "Nothing in particular," she replied. I was astonished.

How was it possible, I asked myself, to walk for an hour through the woods and see nothing worthy of note? I who cannot see find hundreds of things to interest me through mere touch. I feel the delicate symmetry of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch, or the rough, shaggy bark of a pine. In spring I touch the branches of trees hopefully in search of a bud, the first sign of awakening nature after her winter's sleep. Occasionally, if I am very fortunate, I place my hand gently on a small tree and feel the happy quiver of a bird in full song.

At times my heart cries out with longing to see all these things. If I can get so much pleasure from mere touch, how much more beauty must be revealed by sight. And I have imagined, selecting carefully, what I should most like to see if I were given the use of my eyes, say, for just a three-day period.

I should divide the period into three parts. On the first day, I should want to see the people whose kindness and companionship have made my life worth living. I do not know what it is to see into the heart of a friend through that "window of the soul," the eye. I can only "see" through my finger tips the outline of a face. I can detect laughter, sorrow, and many other obvious emotions. I know my many friends, not by sight, but only from the feel of their faces.

How much easier, how much more satisfying it is for you who can see to grasp quickly the essential qualities of another person by watching the subtleties of expression, the quiver of a muscle, the flutter of a hand. But does it ever occur to you to use your sight to see into the inner nature of a friend? Do not most of you seeing people grasp only casually the outward features of a familiar face and let it go at that?

For instance, can you describe accurately the faces of five good friends? As an experiment, I have questioned husbands about the color of their wives' eyes, and often they express embarrassed confusion and admit that they do not know.

Oh, the things that I should see if I had the power of sight for just three days!

The first day would be a busy one. I should call to me all my dear friends and look long into their faces,

e illustrious and unknown alike are her friends. In President nhower's face Miss Keller felt "courage and a gentle smile."

READER'S CHOICE

As a little girl sitting on the knee of Episcopal bishop Phillips Brooks, Helen Keller learned early that God is love. Blind and deaf from infancy, Miss Keller has found an infinite joy in life by translating this truth into action and, in scores of ways, helping her fellow man. She has lectured to—and inspired—the blind and the seeing across the world. At 75—three years ago—she made a strenuous tour through India, Pakistan, and Japan. A student of the Bible, to her darkness and silence are not without light; her life is rooted in the conviction that "where there is love there is God, and where there is God there is peace." *Three Days to See* appeared in the *Atlantic* in January, 1933, and later in *The Reader's Digest*. Reprinted here by permission of the *Atlantic*, it was first suggested for use in Reader's Choice by Edna Haman of Cape Girardeau, Mo.—*Your Eds.*

printing upon my mind the out- d evidences of the beauty that is hin them. I should let my eyes . too, on the face of a baby, so that uld catch a vision of the eager, ocent beauty which precedes the vidual's consciousness of the con- . which life develops. I should to see the books which have been d to me, and which have revealed me the deepest channels of human . And I should like to look into loyal, trusting eyes of my dogs, little Scottie and the stalwart eat Dane.

n the afternoon I should take a g walk in the woods and intoxi- e my eyes on the beauties of the rld of nature. And I should pray the glory of a colorful sunset. at night, I think, I should not be e to sleep.

The next day I should arise with dawn and see the thrilling miracle which night is transformed into . I should behold with awe the magnificent panorama of light with which the sun awakens the sleeping earth.

This day I should devote to a hasty glimpse of the world, past and present. I should want to see the pageant of man's progress and so I should go to the museums. There my eyes would see the condensed history of the earth—animals and the races of men pictured in their native environment; gigantic carcasses of dinosaurs and mastodons which roamed the earth before man appeared, with his tiny stature and powerful brain, to conquer the animal kingdom.

My next stop would be the museum of art. I know well through my hands the sculptured gods and goddesses of the ancient Nile land. I have felt copies of Parthenon friezes and I have sensed the rhythmic beauty of charging Athenian warriors. The gnarled, bearded features of Homer are dear to me, for he, too, knew blindness.

So on this, my second day, I should try to probe into the soul of man through his art. The things I knew through touch I should now see. More splendid still, the whole magnificent world of painting would be opened to me. I should be able to get only a superficial impression. Artists tell me that for a deep and true appreciation of art one must educate the eye. One must learn through experience to weigh the merits of line, of composition, of form, and color. If I had eyes, how happily would I embark on so fascinating a study!

The evening of my second day I should spend at a theater or at the movies. How I should like to see the fascinating figure of Hamlet, or the gusty Falstaff amid colorful Elizabethan trappings!

I cannot enjoy the beauty of rhythmic movement except in a sphere restricted to the touch of my hands. I can vision only dimly the grace of a Pavlova, although I know something

of the delight of rhythm for often I can sense the beat of music as it vibrates through the floor. I can well imagine that cadenced motion must be one of the most pleasing sights in the world. I have been able to gather something of this by tracing with my fingers the lines in sculptured marble; if this static grace can be so lovely; how much more acute must be the thrill of seeing grace in motion.

The following morning I should again greet the dawn, anxious to discover new delights, new revelations of beauty. Today, this third day, I shall spend in the workaday world, amid the haunts of men going about the business of life. The city becomes my destination. There I must go at once!

First, I stand at a busy corner merely looking at people, trying by sight of them to understand something of their daily lives. I see smiles and I am happy. I see serious determination and I am proud. I see suffering and I am compassionate.

I stroll down Fifth Avenue. I throw my eyes out of focus, so that I see no particular object but only a seething kaleidoscope of color. I am certain that the colors of women's dresses moving in a throng must be a gorgeous spectacle of which I should never tire. But perhaps if I had sight I should be like most other women—too interested in styles to give much attention to the splendor of color in the mass.

From Fifth Avenue I make a tour of the city—to the slums, to factories, to parks where children play. I take a stay-at-home trip abroad by visiting the foreign quarters. Always my eyes are open wide to all the sights of both happiness and misery so that I may probe deep and add to my understanding of how people work and live.

My third day of sight is drawing to an end. Perhaps there are many serious pursuits to which I should devote the few remaining hours, but I am afraid that on the evening of that last day I should again run away to the theater, to a hilariously funny play, so that I might appreciate the overtones of comedy in the human spirit.

At midnight permanent night would close in on me again. Naturally in those three short days I should not have seen all I wanted to see. Only when darkness had again descended upon me should I realize how much I had left unseen.

Perhaps this short outline does not agree with the program you might set for yourself if you knew that you were about to be stricken blind. I am, however, sure that if you faced that fate you would use your eyes as never before. Everything you saw would become dear to you. Your eyes would touch and embrace every object that came within your range of vision. Then, at last, you would really see, and a new world of beauty would open itself before you.

I who am blind can give one hint to those who see: Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind. And the same method can be applied to the other senses.

Hear the music of voices, the song of a bird, the mighty strains of an orchestra, as if you would be stricken deaf tomorrow. Touch each object as if tomorrow your tactile sense would fail. Smell the perfume of flowers, taste with relish each morsel as if tomorrow you could never smell and taste again. Make the most of every sense; glory in all the facets of pleasure and beauty which the world reveals to you through the several means of contact which nature provides. But of all the senses, I am sure that sight must be far and away the most delightful.

Getting Along Together

In Paris with my student husband, I often admired the lovely Cristal de St. Louis found in the stores. Our budget, however, would not include such luxuries.

One day our landlady stopped me. "Here, this is for you," she said. "I want you to have a souvenir of your time in France. This is all I have left of this set since the bombardments of the war." And she handed me a beautiful hand-cut glass carafe of Cristal de St. Louis.

—Mrs. Robert W. Lyon, *Asnieres, France*

•

Customers in a small shop were jolted by the crash of falling merchandise. The embarrassed woman who had upset the display of plastic tumblers apologized profusely.

But the saleslady was calm. "We placed the display in the aisle," she said, "to show the durability of the glasses. We expect customers to upset them." Relieved, the woman left.

"Is that the real reason?" I asked.

"No," admitted the saleslady, "but I know how she felt. I broke an expensive glass item in a store once. The manager refused payment—and I promised myself to pass on his kindness."

—Stanley Vandenbark, *Twin Falls, Ida.*

•

As I entered the officer's mess on the U.S. Naval base at Milford Haven, Wales, July 4, 1944, our commanding officer told me that he had received a phone call from the commandant of a nearby British naval force. The commandant had said, "Today is your Independence Day. I couldn't fly your colors, since it was from us you chaps won your independence. So I've suggested to the captain of a French cruiser that he fly your flag and get up a celebration. If you'd like to pay him a call with some of your officers my launch will be at your disposal."

After breakfast, we went out to look at the French cruiser—and Old Glory was flying from her rigging.

So we arrived in a British launch, and were entertained aboard a French cruiser—for an American holiday.

—Chaplain H. R. Cunningham, *Indianapolis, Ind.*

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Little tales for this column must be true—stories which brightened a day or lightened a heart. If used, you will receive $5. Contributions cannot be returned.—Eds.

If your TEEN-AGER picks the WRONG FRIENDS

Parents can't choose a teen-ager's friends, but they can help to guide him in his choice.

By L. EDMOND LEIPOLD
Principal, Nokomis Junior High School
Minneapolis, Minn.

ONE NIGHT last spring, a phone
ll from the police informed the
rents of one of our school's teen-
ers that their boy had been picked
. charged with car theft. Next
orning, the heartbroken mother sat
my office and asked through her
rs, "Why did he do it?"
She knew the answer without my
ing. "Bad companions." I had
own it was only a matter of time
ore something like this would
pen. I had seen it coming for sev-
l months, had even warned the
her. But she insisted that she
uld not choose her children's
nds."
When I read in my paper of the
ge in juvenile crimes, with more
ear-olds being arrested than
lts in any age group, I can't but
der, "How much of this could
avoid if parents exercised more
trol over their children's choice
friends?" Certainly my experience
th thousands of students indicates
d company to be a major factor in
venile delinquency—the principal
son why teen-agers reared in re-
ctable middle-class families go
d.
What can we do about it? Well,
st we need to investigate.
"How do you know they are the
ong friends?" I often ask parents
ming to me for help. "Are you sure
u're not unconsciously judging
em by their economic status? Or is

One woman, on my advice, deliberately set up an evening party to which she invited the "bad companion."

it their lack of social position—or perhaps their religion—that you object to?"

We must be honest with ourselves. We can't know everything about our youngsters' friends. But we can at least learn whether they use foul language, where they go for their recreation, and what sort of friends they have. School principals, local police officers, and ministers can give good advice.

ONCE we are really convinced that the influence is bad, it's time for tactful, twofold action. Turning to our own homes, we can ask, "What is my youngster looking for in this association? Attention? Recognition? Companionship? Or is it freedom from parental restriction?" Once we have figured out the reason (and it doesn't take a psychologist), we then ask ourselves a second question: "What steps can we take to provide *acceptable alternatives* for the friendships that have been formed?"

This may sound vague and "textbookish," but it can work.

Take the case of 16-year-old Jim, who had begun to hang out with an undesirable gang. "Why has he picked such friends?" his worried father wondered. Then he began to think back. For some time the boy had seemed resentful toward the world in general and toward him in particular. Why? The father thought about it further and talked to his son.

It came out that the resentment stemmed from the father's refusal to let him have a car. The boy had thereupon sought out the undesirable gang because one member had a "souped-up jalopy," which naturally became the pride of the neighborhood teen-agers.

"At this point, I knew I had a difficult decision to make," the father told me. "I had not wanted to buy the boy a car because of the dangerous way teen-agers drive. Yet I knew that if I didn't, he would risk his life anyway by riding in his friend's jalopy—and, also, there would continue to be reason for him to hang out with that gang.

"In the end, we compromised. Together we spent several days looking over cars in secondhand lots. We eventually found one in safe condition that was exactly what he wanted. As a condition to getting the car, the boy agreed to drive safely. If he didn't, he understood it would be sold immediately."

Next Sunday evening, the father was pleased to see the car parked in front of a church; the boy, for the first time in months, was inside attending a young peoples' meeting. Gradually, he has drifted away from the bad gang.

You may agree with the father's actions. You may not. But you can, with a little thought, invent alternatives and devices which are satisfactory to you and at the same time freeze out bad influences. Here are some that I've seen work:

Added home duties. You can pick a time for them that will preclude presence on street corners during the hour or two when the gang usually hangs out there.

A part-time job. When there's too much leisure, you might approach your teen-ager along these lines: "Mary, I know you want that new coat very badly. I can't afford that much money. But if you'll take a part-time job, I'll match anything you earn toward it."

Hobbies. You and your teen-ager's teachers can help by introducing new hobbies. The people with whom he will come in contact while "riding a hobby" will generally be more challenging than those who do not have such interests. Before you know it, new friends will replace those less desirable.

School activities. Do anything you can to encourage, and make time available for, athletics, the Y, Scout work, and similar activities. Surprisingly few boys and girls get into trouble when they're busy with groups such as these.

More family life. Are you with your children enough? Perhaps not, if you're honest about it. I've seen boys weaned away from bad company after their fathers took more interest in them. One father and son built a barbecue pit together in their back yard. Now the pit is the center of teen-age parties, and the parents know where and with whom their boy is. Same thing happened with a recreation room that a father and son built together.

Revise your own entertaining. Perhaps you invite only adults to the house. Your teen-ager may not find them, or your bridge, stimulating. Why not extend dinner invitations to couples with youngsters his age? Tell them to bring their youngsters along. Firm new friendships can be established that way.

You'll note that many of the things I've recommended tend to make the home more of a center of teen-age activity. It should be—despite the occasional noise. I've found youngsters who seemed blind to their friends' bad traits suddenly discover them when the friend visits the house.

One woman, on my advice, deliberately set up an evening party to which she invited the "bad companion" and a half dozen other girls. The girl in question arrived in her usual "sloppy Joe" sweater and tight jeans. The contrast with the other, tastefully dressed girls was obvious to everyone. A "beautiful friendship" soon ended.

IT'S CRITICAL that your teen-ager not know that you're trying to break up a friendship. "A fence between makes love more keen." Unless you're subtle, your youngster will stubbornly insist on retaining the friend.

Not long ago, a girl complained to me that her parents were "trying to select friends" for her. I recommended a family conference. This worked out so well, incidentally, that it soon became the accepted method of settling their family differences. Now, when a problem arises, father, mother, and daughter sit down together to work out a settlement to the satisfaction of all.

All of which leads back to that word of caution: Be sure that the "bad companions" are actually bad. The face of one mother still gets red when I meet her on the street. Distressed about one of her daughter's friends, she came to me for help. With some difficulty in keeping a straight face, I reported to her that the other girl's mother had been worrying about the same thing!

Embarrassing as it was, that mother's tactful inquiry spared a worse mistake. And tact is important. Actually, if you follow these suggestions, you won't go far wrong. And the chances will be mighty slim that you'll ever have occasion to be asking, "Why did he do it?"

The Question

By ZANA MARTIN

WHEN WE WERE seniors in high school, our parents called us "The Three Musketeers," but our brothers—mine, anyhow—had a more colorful, if infuriating, name. They called us "The Hairy-headed idiots." All complained that we could never be separated, but I think they knew it was a pretty good relationship. We did learn from each other and were really devoted. We "tolerated" many things which we secretly enjoyed and would have been perfectly lost without, including weekly trips to church.

Thinking back, I feel that Margaret and I could have been any two 17-year-olds. We were irresponsible, impulsive, more than a little selfish, but happy. But Lynn; well, her lightheartedness must have been achieved by a strong will. I didn't give it much thought in those days, but her background had a melodramatic air.

I remember hearing snatches of conversation when I was child about how Lynn's mother had become addicted to narcotics when Lynn was still a baby. Eventually Lynn's mother just disappeared without even leaving a note. Later, there was a divorce, and Lynn became the responsibility of her maternal grandmother. Her father decided to put the whole messy business behind him, baby and all. Lynn seldom heard from him.

Margaret and I knew all this, but it was much too unpleasant to discuss. Lynn was happy, we told ourselves. She had her dear old peppery grandmother, whom she called "Mama." Her grandmother scolded us a lot, but it was always filled with love.

A few months before we graduated from high school, Lynn's grandmother bought an old car for Lynn so that she could become more independent, "Mama" said, and so she could be family chauffeur and errand boy. What an old wreck it was! But Lynn was the envy of every kid in the graduating class. She became a skillful driver, too, and her grandmother came to have utmost confidence in her. That's why she agreed without much argument when Lynn began to beg one day to be allowed to drive to San Francisco. It was only 90 miles away, and of course "Mama" would go, too.

On the way home it happened! How gay we were that day—singing, chattering and laughing—with Lynn's grandmother acting almost as silly as we were. And then——

Suddenly, tires screamed. I felt a terrible, wrenching jolt as two cars met. No time to review my life; no time at all, until I knew that I was bruised, cut up but alive, as were Lynn and Margaret.

Almost simultaneously, I realized that "Mama" lay twisted out on the highway. No gay grandmother, this defenseless huddle of humanity. "Dear God," I prayed, but I knew the truth even before I began.

We were out of the car then, and Lynn, sort of moaning, stumbled across to where her grandmother lay. She just stood there and held out groping hands, and searched and searched, while quickly a crowd gathered.

Later that night we sat on Lynn's back porch. Margaret and I had long since cried ourselves into exhaustion, but Lynn didn't cry and she didn't talk. She just sat there with such a still look on her face. At rare intervals she would stretch out her hand and say "God?" in a heart-tearing question.

"Lynn, it was not your fault; you know it was not your fault," we would say, but she couldn't seem to hear us. She was listening intently for some kind of answer—an answer that couldn't come from us.

We sat there on the porch all that night. People came and went in a dim parade through the house. Some of them tried to talk to Lynn. Our English teacher, a neighbor, just stood looking at us. Finally, about to leave, she placed a hand on Lynn's shoulder. "Ah, Lynn, dear," she began. Lynn answered without looking, "God?"

The gentle warmth of an early sun awakened me the next morning. A bird was singing in an elm tree just outside the porch and as my anguish returned, I thought, "For this is the day that the Lord has made; rejoice and be glad in it. But how, Lord?" Margaret was opening sleepy, red-streaked eyes. We looked at each other to ask silently, "What can we do to help Lynn?"

Lynn was still wide-eyed, tormentedly clenching and unclenching her hands. Despair mounted and almost engulfed me. In quiet panic I prayed, "Oh, God, if you are real, be real to Lynn now. Help her, for we can't, and she can't help herself."

PERHAPS it was not my prayer, uttered in weak faith. Perhaps it was the sum total of the prayers of many, offered up for Lynn that night. At that moment, though, wondrously, suddenly, Lynn's face crumpled, and she said with a soft sigh, "God." No question this time. She really looked at us for the first time, and then scalding tears came in great rivers, pushed forth from her soul by great, tearing sobs.

Lynn's great security, her dear grandmother, was gone. But she had found Someone who would never leave her. And I think I grew up that morning—that bright, sunny morning when I discovered that God is real, something more than an Accepted Idea.

QUEEN'S ADVISER. Selwyn Lloyd has a query for church.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANT. Britain's foreign secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, is the grandson and great-grandson of Methodist ministers, both named John Wesley Lloyd, and a spirited Methodist in his own right. Officially he is one of Her Majesty's Privy Councilors, a commander of the Order of the British Empire, a Queen's Counsel, a member of Parliament. To his friends he is known as a man who always rises to the top. In college he went out for rugby football (we call it soccer) and became team captain; in law practice, he became judge; in the army, he emerged a brigadier. Soon after his election to Parliament following World War II he was elevated to minister of state in the foreign office. In the cabinet, which he entered as defense minister, it was the same story; in eight months he moved into the vital spot of foreign secretary. He served three years as head of the British UN delegation, once lit into Russia's Andrei Vishinsky so hard that the rugged old Red was heard to mutter, "He's tough." An active layman and trustee of the West Kirby Methodist Church in Cheshire, Lloyd believes Communism can be successfully opposed only by dynamic, revitalized Christian churches. For world-wide Methodism he has one big question: "Are we doing our best?"

Unusual Methodists

MYF TO MOVIES. In the life of movie-TV leading man Dean Jones, religion and career play starring roles. His MYF work led him to lay preaching; a high-school radio show launched him on the road to Hollywood. When he was an Alabama high-school freshman, a local radio station built that first, fateful program around him; in his senior year he was elected president of the North Alabama MYF. By the time he left for Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., he had begun lay preaching. Later he started a TV show, began singing near Los Angeles. There he was signed by MGM to make films. The Joneses (Mrs. Jones was Miss San Diego), now live in Sherman Oaks, Calif., with their two daughters. Jones now is an active member of the Sherman Oaks Methodist Church. And when the congregation needs special talent for a pageant or entertainment—well, Jones has never been known to say, "No."

STAR ON SET. Dean Jones finds his film roles, church activity go hand in hand.

LDEST METHODIST? Many of friends feel Mrs. Nettie Minnick y be the oldest active Methodist. w 107, she is two years older than town of Harlan, Ind., where she s—and to which she was carried a girl in a covered wagon from New York home. Two years ago was elected Easter Queen at Har- Methodist Church; to this day, still recites poetry, enjoys a hearty gh. Active all her life in Method-, she delights in recalling the ly days around Harlan: the min- r was a circuit rider; 15 to 20 nday schools commonly joined to- her for picnics; "the streets were hing but mud. We went to church nigh-topped rubber boots because all the mud. But we never missed unday unless we were sick." Her cial favorite—"those wonderful re- als, when people really found the d. I can still hear them shout."

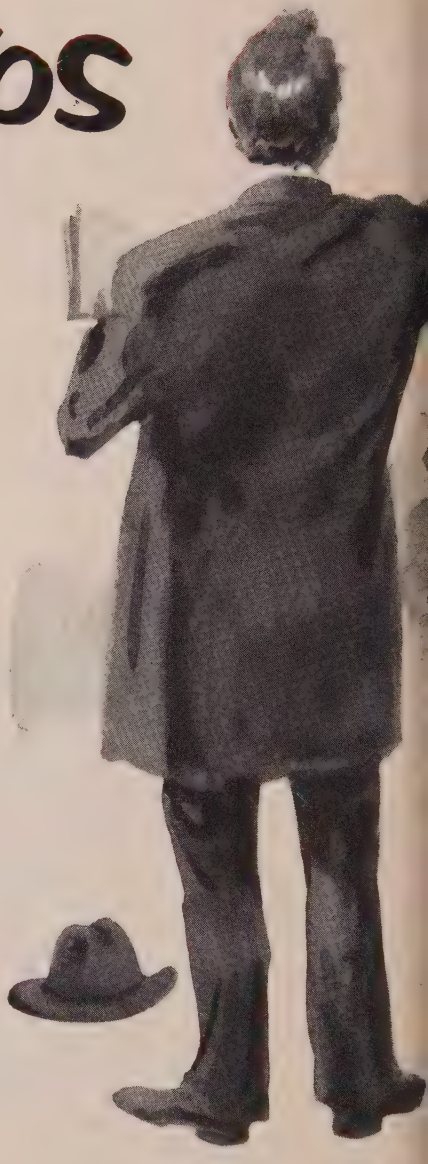
LADY OF MEMORIES. Nettie Minnick, at 107, recalls circuit riders and revivals.

MPKIN TESTER. Rodney McComb has one big weakness. Can you guess it?

PIE-EYED. A normal-size boy with a king-size yen for pumpkin pie—that's Rodney McComb of Hyattsville, Md. This taste-tempting photo of Rodney anticipating his first luscious bite was awarded first prize in the feature class of this year's White House News Photographers' Association contest against some mighty tough competition. Photographer Wally McNamee captured this bit of small-boy paradise at a supper at Calvary Methodist Church, Washington, D.C. Rodney later admitted that he wasn't able to sink every piece of pie in the picture—but some onlookers insisted he put away enough to make more than one cook feel the day wasn't wasted. Rodney is seven and a member of the primary class at Calvary. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McComb, members of Calvary, where Mrs. McComb teaches in the Vacation Bible School and assists in the church-school nursery. Rodney owns up to another hobby. It's duckpin bowling. But it rates a long way behind his favorite pastime—eating homemade pumpkin pie.

Saint in Stirrups

By PAUL FRIGGENS



IF YOU WILL TURN to this month's color pictorial, you'll find an unbelievable picture—a Methodist minister in a "Prince Albert" coat and plug hat shooting buffaloes in Montana.

It happened, too!

As a daring young missionary to the Blackfeet Indians, William Wesley Van Orsdel once was called upon to demonstrate the courage of the white man's religion by mounting a wiry Indian pony and shooting the lead bull in a stampeding herd of 5,000 buffaloes. His friend, the celebrated cowboy artist Charlie Russell, immortalized the scene—and TOGETHER is the first magazine ever to publish this rare painting in color [page 38].

Russell couldn't have chosen a more colorful saint in stirrups. For nearly 50 years, "Brother Van" carried the gospel to badmen, bullwhackers, gold seekers, cowboys, the mushroom towns, and isolated farms and ranches. He preached the first Protestant sermon—perhaps any sermon—in Yellowstone National Park. He left as his monument more than 100 Methodist churches and institutions and the name of the "best-loved man in Montana."

Just turned 22, the Gettysburg, Pa., lay preacher stepped off the river steamer, *Far West,* at Fort Benton, Mont., one Sunday in June, 1872. He was penniless and still owed for his $50 trip up the Missouri. In good Methodist tradition he had come West to spread the Word. He was aflame with a mission to save the souls of the Indians!

The yellow-haired preacher strode down Fort Benton's "main street," clutching a Bible in one hand, a carpetbag in the other, and looking for a place to hold services.

Though it was Sunday morning, Fort Benton was wide open—*and proud of it!* The roulette wheels were spinning, already the painted "Coast women" were on the dance floors, and bartenders wearing .45s were doing a land-office business. The newcomer inquired of a silver-starred bystander about a place to preach and was told, "The courthouse." He discovered the "courthouse" was a log shack with a bench or two and a few upturned cracker boxes. Rain poured in through the sod roof.

Undaunted, the stranger obtained the use of a saloon; word spread, and that Sunday he faced his first Montana congregation. He eyed the gamblers, freighters, river roustabouts, flinty men, and one woman. He began singing, first the old Moody and Sankey hymns, next a popular tune or two, while the saloon's pianist struck up an accompaniment. Then with the crowd warmed up and approving, he raised his booming baritone in a gospel hit —*Diamonds in the Rough*—the story of a converted circus clown.

I heard the gospel mission band
Singing with all their might;
I gave my heart to Jesus,
And left the show that night.
When Jesus found me,
He found me crude and tough
But praise the Lord he saved me:
I'm a diamond in the rough.

At the close, grizzled men stamped, applauded, wept openly. *"More preacher, more!"*

Shouted one onlooker: "What's your name?"

"William Wesley Van Orsdel."

"We'll call him Brother Van for short," the man roared, and that day Montana adopted the genial-looking preacher for its own.

Brother Van was the seventh child of an English mother and a Dutch father, both of whom died before he was 10. He was named William for his father (a Methodist lay

In 1872, four years before Custer was wiped out on a Montana hillside, Brother Van began his fabulous ministry in the only place available—a saloon.

eacher) and Wesley for the nder of Methodism. And he was ared by an aunt who fired his ethodist fervor.

Two other events helped to shape life. As a boy of 13, he saw the ible bloodletting at Gettysburg d was stirred to ponder the mean- of life and death and the pitting brother against brother. He was ply moved, too, by hearing of r half-starved, determined Indians traveled all the way from the ific Northwest to St. Louis to d the "White Man's Book of eaven." Young Van Orsdel deter- ined to be an Indian missionary, passing an opportunity to study Drew Seminary and be ordained. had a mighty vision . . . I could e the copper-colored natives hold- their hands and beckoning. I felt e Paul: 'Woe be unto me if I not!' "

So arriving in the Blackfeet coun- y (near Glacier Park), the young angelist launched his Indian mis- n.

It was a far cry from preaching Pennsylvania. During his first vice in the agency schoolhouse, the entire congregation suddenly rose up and disappeared! The Indians returned after driving off Crow horse thieves in the night.

The Blackfeet found it hard to follow dry Protestant theology. Worse, the new brother handed out no gifts as the Jesuits did. One chief complained that the Ten Commandments applied largely to white men and suggested that a few more commandments wouldn't hurt!

Before long, the ardent missionary concluded that the Indians were more sinned against than sinning and gave them up as a lost cause. But not before the tribe affectionately adopted him with the name Great Heart and bestowed another signal honor—the privilege of shooting the lead buffalo.

At that time, in the early 70s, there were only four or five Methodist preachers in the vast Montana wilderness, and Brother Van was dispatched to ride circuit among the roughest, toughest gold camps in the West. He traveled by ox team to the new diggings in Helena and preached a second time in a saloon. Again he sang *Diamonds in the Rough* and this time was rewarded with a $50 chip in the collection plate. A bearded miner explained: "I'm way ahead. If I ain't got it, I can't lose it."

Brother Van was heaven-sent for his job. He had robust humor and he loved frontier people. "How goes it, brother?" was his hearty greeting. He wasn't much of a preacher and perhaps couldn't have held a charge for long, but he was fervent; he interspersed sermon with song, and he carried the gospel to Last Chance Gulch and Virginia City and roaring Bannack and back.

He was no "holier-than-thou" preacher and sometimes shocked his ministerial brethren.

"Sin's a sign of vitality," he had a habit of saying. "You can do lots more with a lively sinner than a dead saint." Brother Van went after both.

Two years after he reached Montana, the singing evangelist was riding 4,000 circuit miles a year and already becoming something of a legend. In Helena, he converted the owner of a "Hurdy-gurdy" house, and in lawless Virginia City reformed the town's No. 1 drunk.

The circuit rider had his close shaves, too. Usually, he rode a big-boned chestnut horse. But once he walked from Bozeman to a mining camp, wearing cowboy clothes and a flat-crowned hat. When the travel-stained preacher reached the camp he was mistaken for a horse thief.

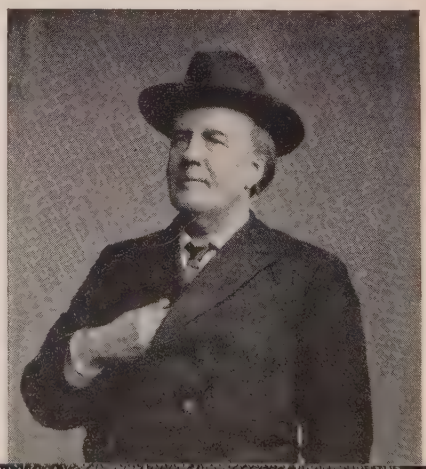
A crowd gathered and Brother Van climbed on the nearest wagon to shout his identity.

"He's lying!" A miner shook his fist. "String him up."

"If he's Brother Van, make him sing," yelled another.

And never did Brother Van sing

The Rev. William Wesley Van Orsdel —"the best-loved man in all Montana."



Diamonds in the Rough more fervently than that day. "Saved a life with that song—" he joked afterward, "my own!"

Another time, so one story goes, he was involved in a stagecoach robbery. The passengers were frisked one by one. As the bandit reached the clergyman, Brother Van pleaded, "Now you wouldn't rob a poor Methodist preacher, would you?" whereupon the road agent replied: "Never mind, I'm a Methodist myself."

Those were the days in Montana . . . stagecoach stickups, the gold rush, the Custer massacre, and the Nez Perce Indians on the warpath. In August, 1877, the Methodist missionary was in the thick of the Nez Perce scare and galloped through the Indian lines at night to fetch cavalry reinforcements. At Bannack City he turned reporter and flashed *The Helena Herald:*

"Great excitement. Several settlers were killed on Horse Prairie last evening. . . . The men here are all under arms. Women and children are in the courthouse." When it was all over, Brother Van preached a group funeral service for the victims, his revolver still handy on top of a casket.

But the Indian scares subsided, the gold camps petered out, the railroads, the cattlemen, and homesteaders arrived, and Montana commenced to settle up. Brother Van rode harder. "If the Lord wants me to do his work, he will take care of me," he reasoned.

By now, Montana Methodism was growing up, too, and the pioneer evangelist (now fully ordained) took on larger responsibilities. He became a district superintendent and eventually roved Montana from border to border. Folks looked forward to his visits and kept a spare room in readiness. To this day, a lot of Montana homes call their spare the "Brother Van room."

"Under God, brethren, we ought to have a church here," he would declare, and plant the seed. Now he jolted over the prairies in a buggy, traveled by oil-lighted trains (Psalm-singing in the aisles), or drove the new Model T.

He battled gumbo mud and the treacherous blizzards, and boasted he rarely missed an engagement. He crisscrossed Montana and at 69 made one last revival trip. The man of abundant faith jotted in his diary:

At Eagleton, "9 were present. Good." In the evening, "13 were present. Good." Sunday was better: "22 communed, 10 were baptized and the church dedicated free of debt. This has been a great victory."

It was all that. Between 1892 and 1918, it is said, the fabulous Brother Van sparked more than 100 Methodist churches and 50 parsonages, together with helping build a string of hospitals and a school for orphans.

In 1918, Montana said an extraordinary "thank you" to its first citizen with a kind of state-wide birthday party.

That same year, the Montana conference met at Dillon and showered its venerable member with fresh honors. At the close, the white-thatched preacher slipped quietly out to an abandoned cemetery to visit a grave of bygone days. "To the memory of Jennie Johnson, age 20 years and seven months," the tombstone read. The old circuit rider tenderly deposited a bouquet and then with uplifted hands breathed a beautiful prayer over the grave of the girl who would have been his wife. His sweetheart, Jennie Johnson, had died of tuberculosis during his first years in Montana. He had never married.

The 69-year-old pioneer was preaching one night in October, 1919, when he suffered a stroke near the prairie town, Chinook. He lingered for weeks in a semicoma at the Montana Deaconess Hospital he had helped build. At the end, he suddenly seemed clear. "Tell the people of Montana that I love them all."

They buried him in Prickly Pear Valley near Helena, a huge granite boulder inscribed "Brother Van" his marker. Now, said the newspapers, he had joined the company of Peter Cartwright and Jason Lee and all the great Methodist trail blazers. Brother Van's Montana mission was a mighty victory.

'Brother Van Deals Square'

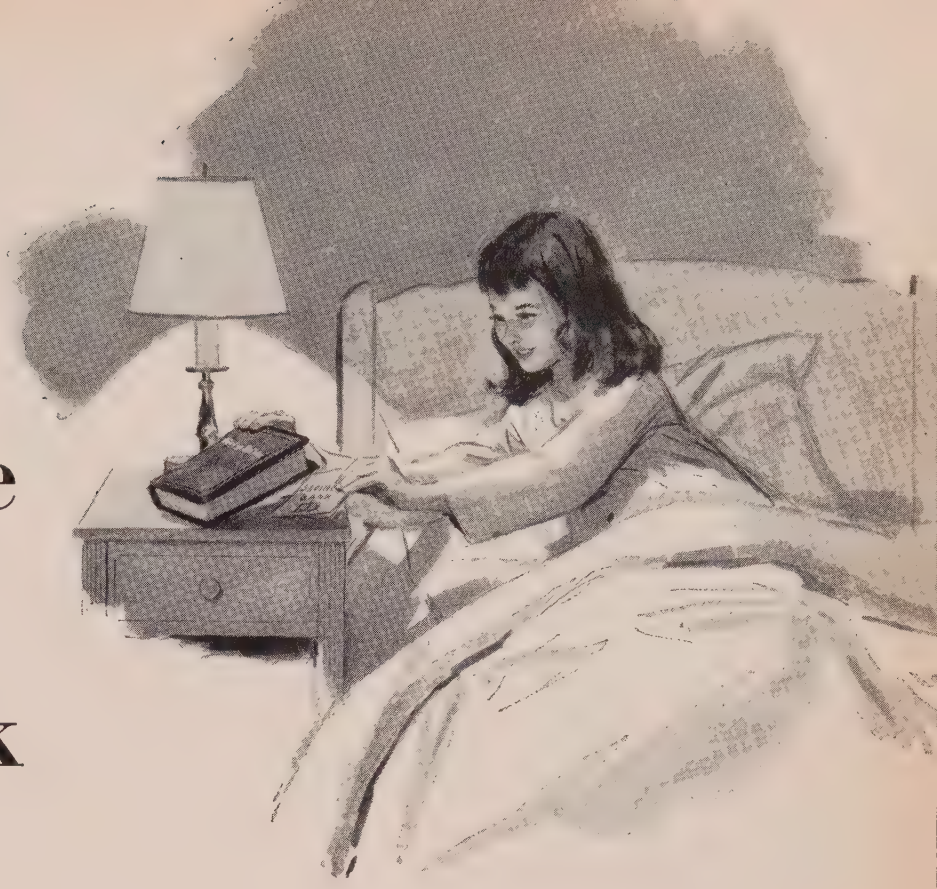
THE CELEBRATED cowboy artist, Charlie Russell, [see painting, page 38] *once paid Brother Van a tribute which deserves to live in Methodist history. He recalled the night in the wild frontier country that he first met the evangelist at "Old Bab's" ranch in Pigeye Basin:*

"The evening you came there was a mixture of bullwhackers, hunters and prospectors who welcomed you with handshakes and rough but friendly greetings. I was the only stranger to you. So after Bab introduced Kid Russell, he took me to one side and whispered, 'Boy,' says he, 'I don't savvy many psalm singers, but Brother Van deals square,' and when we all sat down to our elk meat, beans, coffee, and dried apples, under the rays of a bacon grease light, these men who knew little law, and one of them I knew wore notches on his gun, men who had not prayed since they knelt at their mother's knees, bowed their heads while you, Brother Van, gave thanks, and when you finished, someone said, 'Amen.' I am not sure, but I think it was a man who had been a road agent. . . . The outlaw at Bab's was a sinner and none of us were saints, but our hearts were clean at least while you gave thanks. You brought to the minds of these hardened, homeless men the faces of their mothers; and a m[illegible] cannot be bad while she is near.

"I have met you many times since that, Brother Van —sometimes in lonely places, but you never were lonesome or alone, for a man with scarred hands and feet stood beside you."

The Bible and the Bankbook

By LILA SHEPPARD



That night Jan picked up her Bible and put the bankbook under it. I was glad she put the Bible on top. I told her so.

MOTHER, some money is missing from my dime bank. I think Jan took it." Nancy, my older girl, was upset.

This, I thought to myself, is getting to be a real problem. I'd already had a serious talk with my seven-year-old about taking money from my purse. Now she was taking it from another source.

So far, I'd never thought of it as stealing, but now I'd have to give it that label. As I tried to decide why the child was pursuing this bad habit sorry and shame crowded my mind. Sorry, as to what caused her to begin it and how I'd handle the situation with her; shame to think that a child of mine was really developing into a thief.

Fortunately, Jan was out playing when her older sister revealed this latest situation to me, and I had time to think things through.

After dinner I followed Jan to her room and shut the door.

"Jan," I asked, "did you spend the money you took from Nancy's bank?"

Hesitantly, she shook her head no.

"Then please bring it to me."

She brought two old purses out of a dresser drawer and dumped the contents in my lap.

"Did you want this for anything special?"

Again the shaking head, no. There was no specific want or need.

"You know, Jan, I told you when we talked about this before that you might have a small allowance. But you said you didn't want one."

"I don't," she said.

"Then why did you take Nancy's money?"

"I just don't know."

"I'm sure you do, Jan. Please think very hard and tell me why you want this money."

After a long silence, she blurted out, "What if an accident happened to you and Daddy—what would I do? I don't have a single bit of money, and what if I needed something?" Her last words were lost in a flood of tears.

What would happen if . . . In a rush of memories I recalled the times we'd talked in front of the children about money worries; how can we afford this, when will we ever get that?

Here was the unexpected outcome of our having let money loom as a nagging worry on the family horizon instead of being a wholesome joint problem. Had we made money our main security, whether we really believed it or not? Had our temporary anxieties about financial affairs become permanent worries to our youngsters?

Our problem with Jan was resolved by taking her to the bank and starting a small savings account of her own. She made out her own deposit slip, handed $5 through the window to the teller, and was welcomed as a new depositor.

That night when she got into bed she picked up her leather-bound Bible from the bedstand and put the bankbook under it.

"There," she said. "They can be right here together."

I was glad she put the Bible there on top. And I told her so.

Quiet? Maybe. A big-city pastor has his own ideas!

It's So Peaceful In the Country

By *WESLEY D. OSBORNE*

Pastor, Searing Memorial Methodist Church, Albertson, New York

RURAL METHODISTS are important. I know because I've worked with them. For the last six summers I have left my parishes, in and near New York City, to vacation in tiny West Gouldsboro, Maine, 500 miles away. This has given me the chance to look at both city and country churches. In Maine I live in a little cottage belonging to the Maine Sea Coast Mission Society, and preach in the South Gouldsboro and West Gouldsboro churches.

Further proof of the importance of rural churches is found in a 1956 mission-study book for Methodists, *High Hours of Methodism in Town-Country Communities,* by Dr. Charles M. McConnell [Methodist Board of Missions, 50¢].

Often when we are there I recall a popular song of a few years ago. I remember it included the words, "It's so peaceful in the country . . ."

I have a theory that the lyricist didn't know much about the country. True, sometimes it is peaceful but sometimes it isn't. Whether it is or isn't, however, God is there—and his Church had better be.

Once you are in tune with the country, you know its peace. There is peace in fishing on the pond. Overhead fly gulls and ducks, loons and an occasional egret. At twilight, the deer come out to drink. You look across the blue waters to the rims of pine, and up to the hills, watching the sun sink beyond them.

There is no perfume like that of the path to the swimming place, no warmth like that of the wood fire at night. And there is no friendship more genuine than that of the people. It is friendship gained slowly and valued highly. I have friends who can fish, build and handle boats, make their own lobster traps, farm, repair motors, do carpentry, install their own plumbing, milk cows, or shoot deer for the winter meat supply. Yet I believe that they regard me as an equal, for they are people of grace and generosity.

Yes, there's peace in the country. And then again, it isn't so peaceful. Predatory animals, foes of crops and poultry, are all about. There are droughts when wells run dry, periods when lobster traps are "dry," and lately the herring have been hard to find.

The ocean, so beautiful to look at, can be treacherous. Six years ago Raymond Dunbar gave us our first "mess o' lobsters." He has sailed those waters more than 30 years. Yet one July, as he was coming into his own cove, a few hundred yards from his home, he was tossed from his boat. His body was not found until three weeks later.

There are quarrels and minor feuds, too, but you must know the people fairly well before you know of them. One of our neighbors built a fence to deter automobiles from parking in his back yard by the beach at the pond. He had, from a city dweller's point of view, enough provocation. People were littering the grounds. Some of the midnight parties were profane and noisy. But fence building is unneighborly and hard feelings arose. Before they subsided, one man's duck pond had been drained and the well another shared had the water level seriously lowered.

Politics there are no more peaceful than elsewhere. I don't expect the mayor of New York to walk up and shake my hand, but the governor of Maine did, two weeks and two days before his re-election. He spoke one day at our town hall, sauntering over and shaking hands with all of us—about 50 people—before giving a quiet, folksy talk about the election. But you should have been in the general store later to hear opinions saltily expressed. "He slung mud!" "He did not!" I thought, "It's so peaceful in the country, is it?"

WELL, whether it is or isn't, as I said before, God is there—and his Church had better be. Far better than the song I quoted earlier, I believe, is one by a man who knew and loved the country from birth. It breathes the spirit of the hills. It says: *The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.*

"I shall not want" is the confident attitude of our many friends. They are remarkably resourceful. I think of one who fishes for lobsters four of five months a year. He keeps a cow for milk and raises one for beef, which, when slaughtered, is kept in his

Politics are no more peaceful than elsewhere. You should have been in the general store to hear opinions saltily expressed. "He slung mud." "He did not."

ezer with the deer he must shoot, l half a hog, which he and another e and share. He raises his own etables and his wife preserves st of them. He cuts firewood and s pulpwood. In winter he works arbering.

've gone lobstering with him, ring out a little after 5 A.M. and ng in at 3 P.M. We hauled traps nd an island named Ironbound, re great, forbidding cliffs rose re us while the seas rushed into dens and caves. What if our ky motor gave trouble? Twice, ile I watched the ledges draw er, he had to repair his steering in. I watched and prayed! Yet se men and women fear no evil, ugh they walk through the valley he shadow of death.

ATHS of righteousness are as d to find in the country as in the . There is plenty of sin. Some ask, there more wickedness in the ntry, or does it only seem so be- se we don't live in the privacy of wds?" I believe that the people no worse, but there is sin.

These people need and deserve the urch. Like relatives, we are dependent upon them and they upon us. In rural Maine many young people have to migrate to the cities to find employment. To keep their churches open, help from stronger churches is needed, but it is help which is reciprocated in another kind. Look around in the city churches and see how many of the faithful come from the town-country communities. Look at our ministry and see how much of it is drawn from small churches.

Rural problems apparently are the same everywhere. One of our Maine churches is closed 10 months of the year. The other remains open through a small church school maintained by the people, and services are held twice a month from October to June under a preacher who travels 40 miles to be there.

My congregations in Maine include schoolteachers, college students, social workers, nurses, artists and artisans, businessmen, a state representative, a college professor, and many discerning laymen. The people are thoughtful about life's deep issues and thirsty for living water. They want pastors trained in theology, able counselors, ministers "afire with the Lord."

The plight of rural churches reminds us that we who are strong are expected to bear the burdens of the weak. Part of every benevolence dollar we give goes to provide a ministry to churches which would otherwise be closed. Rural churches must not only remain open, they must expand their ministry, encouraging the people to face their economic problem, providing for them training in modern church-school teaching and administration, and winning for Christ the many men and women who have not yet responded to his summons.

I WENT to call on Mandy Dunbar shortly after her husband's body was recovered. "At first it was hard," she told me. "But it came to me that maybe God was testing my faith, and maybe he is, and if that's so he'll find I have my faith in him."

That's what it is to find peace in the country. It is the peace of one who has learned from the hills and the ocean, from Christ and his comrades:

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

In the Mountains:

YOUNG MUSIC MAKERS

HIGH IN THE ROCKIES, just west of the con tinental divide, music lovers have been gathering again for the annual summer Music Festival at Aspen, Colo Under snow-topped mountains and a cobalt-blue sky more than 200 music students are studying and perform ing with some of the world's top artists and instructors

Aspen is an old silver-mining town, a resort, ski cen ter, fishing paradise, and scenic wonderland. But from late June through August the shades of Brahms and Beethoven come to mingle with the ghosts of old boomers and prospectors.

Students arrive from every state and many foreign countries. Among them is a group, predominately Meth odist, brought to the festival each year by Mack Harrell noted baritone and head of Southern Methodist Uni versity's music and opera departments. In the belief that beauty begets beauty, these young people practice beside turbulent mountain streams, in Alpine meadows and woodlands. On Sundays they attend community church services conducted by a Methodist minister

This is what it was like at Aspen last year.

High note: *At 11,000 feet, a ride on Aspen's towering ski lift thrills Oklahoma City University coed Carole Frederick*

Low note: *(But a mile and a half high)—Leslee Brown wife of a trombone teacher, practices in a quiet aspen grove*

Spiritual note: *The Rev. Doyle Hauschulz greets three of many Methodist students enrolled in Aspen Music School*

Rehearsal in brass: *The huge festival tent was especially designed to enhance the acoustics for featured afternoon concerts.*

In pastoral setting: *Nita Steed of Amarillo, Texas, a voice student, has Missourian Emma Ballard as her accompanist.*

The lady is not amused: *A rare sour note brings anguish to a student in the midst of a pleasant afternoon's rehearsal.*

Say "Ah": *Evelina Colorini, Aspen speech and diction teacher, shows her class how to pronounce it—in the Italian manner*

It is more blessed to give than to receive,
but we should all learn the art of accepting graciously

What Others Do for Us

By OLA GLADYS HYLTON A Together in the Home feature

ALL OF US need the love, encouragement, and trust of others. But our most crucial need is to fill a niche—to know we are essential.

But don't feel too sanctimonious if you spend your life doing for others. Actually, in "doing good" you may be selfishly cheating somebody out of a chance to do for you.

It never occurred to me that I was selfish. And it took three really shaking experiences to jar me out of it.

My sister's husband died when her two boys were small. No one was able to contribute except me and my boss—a wonderful woman without dependents. I postponed marriage, and my boss and I helped out my sister's income. Later, when I had married, we took the boys into our home and my sister returned to nursing.

Eventually, many years later, our oldest nephew was assigned to the Canal Zone and we took a cruise there. Jack, by then married and with a family, arranged our sight-seeing and then took us home for dinner.

Having limited baggage, we had no gift for his family and decided to leave a little token of our appreciation in money. "Get the babies something for their birthdays," we said casually.

To our surprise, our nephew blurted out, "Didn't it ever occur to you that I'd like to do something for *you?*" The truth was, it hadn't!

I stubbed my toe a second time while we were visiting our younger nephew, an interior decorator. His wife, just out of the hospital following a serious operation, was still in bed. After we happened to mention our difficulties with our last decorator, Dan said, "I'll decorate your house. All you'll have to do is furnish the materials."

I said, "But Dan, we couldn't let you do that. We want you to do it, but we'll pay you for your work."

His answer was fast as a firecracker. "Didn't you ever stop to think that maybe I want to do something for *you?*"

Once again, I had to admit I hadn't. I knew the boys weren't saying it because they felt obligated, but because they wanted to express themselves in a way I'd not permitted. But it took a third and painful experience really to teach me to accept the love of others.

This time it was my dad. After mother's death, he was faced at 82 with the problem of leaving the little town he'd been part of for 55 years. The plan was to divide his time among his children.

I was working for an advanced degree as well as carrying a job. My boss was writing a book. My husband was working on a research project. In the midst of these activities my father arrived, unannounced, for a visit. We were too engrossed in our own work to do more than congratulate ourselves on the fact that we offered him a home and the best medical care. But we gave him nothing to do but sit in a chair, eat three meals a day, listen to the radio, and read. We were too blind to see that we were offering him only a cage—nothing more.

In this cage, my father was restless and stifled. After a few days he said, "I have three children and countless relatives with whom I could live. But nowhere do I seem to be needed."

"We all have our jobs and obligations," I told him, "but you are welcome to make this your home as long as you want it."

Tears filled his faded old eyes, but he said nothing. He kept to his room most of the time after that and continued to be restless—until the day the topsoil arrived for our lawn. Returning home that memorable night, we found Dad busy spreading the rich, black soil with loving care.

As soon as I saw him I exclaimed to myself, "How dumb can I be?" For here was a man who loved the soil. He had always had a garden—and now it was spring! I rushed to the store and bought seeds and plants, which he put in and cared for tenderly. I saw him eying the lawn mower—he'd always mowed his own lawn. Soon he was mowing ours. That led to running the vacuum sweeper, answering the phone, receiving deliverymen—and even serving them coffee. He set the table, warmed the soup, mixed the salad, poured the milk. He was suddenly the most needed and important person in our household!

Why hadn't *we* thought of it?

Too absorbed in our own lives, we hadn't realized, either, how completely he had taken over our cocker, Penny. I well remember at home, he never allowed a cat or dog even to walk through his bedroom. Yet here was Penny, soft as silk, stretched out on his bed like a princess. She followed him everywhere and watched through the window for him to return home, then dashed down the street to meet him the moment she heard the faint click of his cane. Penny did more than her share to make him the happiest old man in the world.

The closer you are to a person the more you may stifle him in your desire to do for him—as in the case of my neighbor. Her child had experienced a fearful illness and a long convalescence. She gave him most of her waking hours, smothering him and dampening his spirit to do for himself and others.

On his birthday, as usual, his mother planned a party. But he showed no enthusiasm. She kept prodding him, trying to learn why he was not interested. Finally he blurted out, "Mommie, I don't want you to give *me* a party. I want to have one for *you.*"

It pays to take inventory now and then of ourselves to see how guilty we really are of cheating people out of doing for us. We should leave some gaps for others to do for us, in their way, to make them happy, too. For it is sharing our lives that counts, sharing our thoughts and our needs. To be needed is one of the most soul-satisfying feelings in the world.

A Prayer to make your own

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878)
"Father of American Poets"

Adventures from Within

By
CAROL KINGMAN

SOME OF our best words are wearing out. Not dying for they still render daily service; just losing their iginal luster.

I'm thinking especially of the word "kindness." At ast 800 years old, it has been worn smooth by use; e freshness of its original meaning has faded. We bitually use such expressions as, "Thank you for your ndness in writing," where no real kindness is involved all.

What is the true meaning of kindness? Authorities l us the word originated as a means of expressing "a tural affection arising from kinship." And kindness ll should imply kinship—a means of communicating th people of our own kind, of discovering what the her fellow is like, and how he is like us. Somewhere, wever, the root idea of kinship has been discarded.

We've lost more than just e word's original meaning, o, for kindness can be a eans of discovery, of new venture. As Ray Stannard ker once wrote, "Adven- re is not outside a man, but thin." Adventure usually volves discovery—certain- a willingness to deal with e unpredictable. That, it ems to me, is where kind- ss qualifies as an adven- e from within.

Kindness furnishes a way look into and share other's life. Thousands of iting ideas, plans, and pes can be stored up and ncealed inside a person. uncover these secrets is eed an exciting adven- e. And it can be done— establishing a feeling of ship.

Some years ago I worked a Hollywood movie lot encountered every day a wning, abrupt gatekeeper "Mr. Crossman," we called . One day I passed with friend who was carrying a packet of foreign stamps. Mr. Crossman" suddenly came to life; his face wreathed smiles.

"May I see those later in the day?" he asked.

"Certainly," my astonished friend replied. "Do you llect stamps?"

"All the time," the guard exclaimed. He wasn't "Mr. ossman" any more.

Next day our new friend showed us his stamp collec- n. It was a knockout. We soon learned that he had a ealth of stamp knowledge he was eager to share. hrough one simple sharing of interests—an act of ndness—a closed door had opened.

This feeling of kinship, stemming from an act of kind- ss, can be experienced even toward those we hardly ow. In fact, it is the experience of feeling related inwardly to people beyond normal family ties that brings real excitement. Here is the basis of real adventure, by which we escape the splendid isolation of ourselves and become identified with those about us.

Doctors use a wonderfully expressive phrase to describe patients who suffer severe mental disorders and with whom communication is virtually impossible. These unfortunates are "unavailable," doctors may say, and the only hope for treatment is that the doctor establish some contact based on kinship—become identified with, say, the patient's father. Only then can the adventure of therapy begin. But think: Don't many of us have acquaintances, even friends, who are "unavailable" to a lesser degree? Chances are, they will remain so until we undertake some adventure in kindness.

Don't think that kindness works only outwardly and with other people. I found out differently while visiting a recent national flower show. Perhaps I had expected too much, but somehow the displays didn't seem to measure up to those of the year before. I was disappointed. Then I tried an experiment. Inwardly, I reversed my sights and decided to look upon the show with kindness. Walking past exhibits I'd viewed only a few minutes before, I saw and appreciated much more. This time around it was truly an adventure—thanks to a simple change in outlook.

I know a farmer who has a magnificent apple orchard, which each year produces a remarkable yield per acre. Others, marveling at his success, inquire about his husbandry secrets. As far as I've been able to determine, he has just one: kindness. He feels that letting a tree go unsprayed is like asking a man to walk unclothed among mosquitoes. He has the knack of feeling akin to other life. It yields dividends.

I'll never forget the essay in which F. F. Van de Water told about a newly acquired puppy. Out of sheer exuberance, the pup skidded on rugs and upset lamps. Van de Water's patience was strained, but he entered into an adventure of kindness. Months later, he reflected on how much that pup meant to him. Yet he realized that the rich reward of shared love had come only after his adventure in kindness had led to discovery. He found he really loved that dog deeply, despite the animal's faults. This, Van de Water reasoned, must be the spirit with which God looks upon his children.

I hope we will rediscover soon the true meaning of kindness, with its roots in a sense of kinship. Certainly it can lead to adventure for us all.

Is it safe to pick up hitchhikers? Staff writer George Daniels checked with FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover and other top officials to get the answer. What he learned makes timely—and alarming—reading for us all!

Don't Get 'Thumbed' Into Trouble

By GEORGE DANIELS

BEFORE summer ends, the average motorist driving along U.S. highways will pass plenty of hitchhikers. They may be merely homeward-bound college boys or servicemen. Then again, this is an era when crime is soaring; when the sign of the outstretched thumb may well be an invitation to gamble for the highest stakes—your life.

In the past, the hitchhiker was a romantic roamer, merely seeking a harmless lift. But all too often today he is a menace. The 1958 thumb-waver may well be a robber, sex deviate, or hardened criminal. It is almost unbelievable that the average citizen, who takes precautions against allowing strangers into his home, often gives little thought to picking up trouble on the road.

Remember, as FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover warns, in 1956 violent criminals were responsible for a crime of murder, manslaughter, rape, or assault to kill every 4.1 minutes. A police check on one highway near Wichita, Kan., showed that two out of every five hitchhikers had FBI fingerprint records. In one year on the New Jersey Turnpike—where

itchhiking is illegal—state troopers rrested 162 runaways, 98 AWOL rvicemen, seven escaped inmates of ental institutions, five prison es-pees, and 50 others who could not roperly account for themselves.

The catalogue of hitchhiker-committed crimes ranges from outright adeness to torture and murder. Robery heads the list. As a matter of ct, hitchhiking crimes are so comon that only the most bizarre get ation-wide attention. One of the ost heinous in FBI files is the case William Edward Cook, a wanton rill-killer who, in 1951 shot to eath a family of five after they gave m a lift. The photos of the mangled odies of the father, mother, and ree small children, thrown into an bandoned mine shaft in Joplin, Mo., main as mute testimony against mbling on hitchhikers. Tragedies t much less shocking occur day in d day out. And strangely enough, e darker the road and lonelier the ea, the more prone drivers are to ck up strangers.

Don't overlook, either, the risk you run that your "harmless rider" will strike months later in a way you'd never expect. George Cvek is a case in point. Cvek was an ingratiating character who wormed information out of talkative husbands who gave him lifts. Much later he used this same information to charm his way into the living rooms of these men's gullible wives. By the time he died in Sing Sing's electric chair, he had committed more than 200 rape-robberies, with these women as his victims. Let's look at a few more typical case histories:

On January 8, 1956, Leslie Irvin, known from coast to coast as the "Mad Dog Killer," was scheduled to die in the electric chair for the slaying of an Indiana filling-station operator. He had confessed to murdering six persons, four of them within a single week.

About 10 days after being sentenced Irvin, awaiting transfer from the county to the state penitentiary, escaped—and made his way west, largely by hitching rides. Luckily, he was recaptured in San Francisco—but how many drivers unknowingly helped him and imperiled their own lives?

Less lucky was the Oklahoma businessman who stopped in a roadside diner and believed the story of the youth in Army uniform who sat next to him. The young man said he was trying to get home for Christmas; the businessman, wanting to be helpful, offered him a lift.

They had gone only a short distance when the hitchhiker slugged and knifed him, stole his wallet, and drove off in the car. Who was the hitchhiker? An ex-GI discharged from the Army as a psychotic, who had just escaped from a sanitarium.

Then there was Fred McManus, 18-year-old Marine on leave. Thumbing his way from North Carolina to New York to see his girl friend, he hitched a ride with William Braverman, a college freshman driving a new convertible. McManus was attracted to Braverman's car—so he simply shot and killed the driver, buried his body in a gravel pit, then picked up his own girl friend, and headed west.

In the next three days McManus killed four more people—a couple in Illinois and two café workers in Minnesota. Finally he was captured and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Too many motorists are sympathetic toward hitchhikers near college campuses, assuming they must be students.

Such an assumption, Mr. Hoover warns, may cost you your life. A businessman who had just visited his son at Hobart College in Geneva, N.Y., was starting home when he noticed a young man trying to thumb a ride about a block from his son's fraternity house. Assuming the boy was a student, he gave him a lift. The next day his naked body was found in a snowbank on a lonely road, beaten, choked, and stabbed 56 times.

With transient criminals plaguing police throughout the nation, law-enforcement agencies are campaigning to stamp out the misconception that "courtesy of the road" demands "giving a life." Offering a ride to a stranger, like passing on a hill or a curve, is a dangerous, blind gamble. In neither case can the motorist see what is ahead.

Often a hitchhiker's interest is to put distance between himself and a crime. In November, 1953, several motorists gave rides to a young woman carrying a five-month-old infant somewhere between Evansville, Ind., and Bokchito, Okla. Most drivers figured she was down on her luck and using the only means available to seek shelter in a distant city. But as it later turned out, she was a kidnaper! A baby sitter, she had stolen the child left in her care by a working mother. Police were able to return the baby boy, unharmed, within two days. The sitter received a long sentence for kidnaping.

But despite all this—the crimes, the "thumbs-down-on-thumbers" drive waged by the American Automobile Association, the warnings of the FBI and other agencies—there are countless drivers who cannot resist the hitchhiker's pleading look. To protect such gullible motorists, some 25 states, the District of Columbia, and many towns and counties have passed laws against hitchhiking. In at least 21 states a driver can be held liable

MIDMONTH
READERVIEWS
POWWOW

for injury to a hitchhiker in his car.

Many officials have as their goal a tough anti-hitchhiking law in each of the 48 states. As of now, every state has sections of highway where hitchhikers are almost sure to be escapees from nearby mental institutions. But all too often they get lifts before police can grab them. Most such areas still are unmarked, but in at least one section, near McAlester, Okla., all major highways are dotted with signs: "Prison area. Do not pick up hitchhikers." Most motorists don't.

In many states now, police and school authorities are joining parents in warning children to "beware of strangers." Commercial trucking firms, too, are clamping down on their drivers. "No hitchhikers" is becoming their rule as the direct result of assaults, robberies, and lawsuits evolving from accidents to drivers and trucks. How much more important is this policy—a veritable life-insurance policy—to millions of good-natured motorists in America today!

To curb the hitchhiker menace, two things are necessary: First, law-enforcement agencies must work with churches, schools, civic groups, and parents to hammer home the dangers of opening car doors to strangers, and, secondly, motorists from coast to coast must take the warning to heart. Without this, it is no exaggeration to say—in a twist of the old safe-driving maxim—the life you lose may be your own!

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Our Readers Mostly Agree With Mr. Hoover, It Seems

While compiling material for Don't Get 'Thumbed' Into Trouble, *staff writer George Daniels conducted a poll of Methodist opinion to see how members feel about giving lifts. To each, he put this question: "Do you pick up hitchhikers?" Here are typical answers:*

'Papers Full of Crimes'

EDWIN A. HOFFMAN III, identification technician, Philadelphia, Pa., police department

Never pick up a hitchhiker. The papers are full of crimes committed by inoffensive-looking hitchhikers.

In one case I recall especially, a middle-aged couple picked up two boys, 16 and 14. The boys asked to be taken to a side road. Near the destination, the 14-year-old pulled a knife and held it at the husband's throat while the other youth beat and strangled the wife. The couple was left for dead on the road. A passer-by discovered them soon enough to save their lives and the boys were arrested within several hours.

'Robberies . . . Murders'

JOE E. SCOTT, business executive, North Little Rock, Ark.

I would caution anyone against picking up hitchhikers—even though it would appear to be the Christian thing to do. There have been so many robberies and murders by hitchhikers that it would be foolish for anyone even to pick up apparently worthy hitchhikers.

'Times Have Changed'

LYDIA BOWMAN, journalism student, Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill.

A favorite professor of mine likes to tell how he hitchhiked across the U.S. some 25 years ago when he was in graduate school. Like my professor, I want to see the country. But in the last 25 years times have so changed that even if I were a man I wouldn't pick the way he did to cross the U.S.

Three Main Reasons

WILLIAM G. MARX, traveling man, San Francisco, Calif.

I strictly observe my rule against picking up hitchhikers. I have three reasons for my stand.

First: Even the most baby-faced hiker may be a dangerous criminal. Second: The youth seeking a lift may be running away from home or other responsibilities. And finally: In case of an accident, the hiker may "take you for a ride" through a costly—to you—civil suit.

She'd Be Apprehensive

SUSAN K. SPRUIELL, personnel supervisor, telephone company, Columbia, S.C.

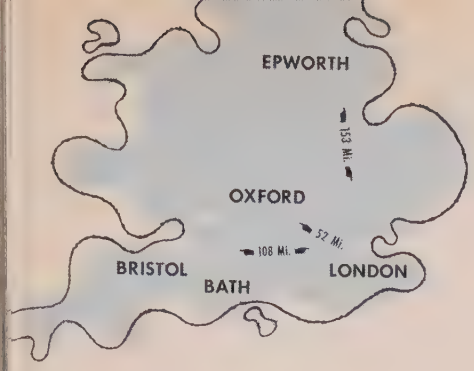
Probably there are honorable people among those who beg rides. Yet I do not pick up hitchhikers. Should circumstances force me into hitchhiking, I would be most apprehensive over accepting rides.

'Hitchhiking Revived Capital Punishment'

J. J. KIBBE, superintendent, South Dakota highway motor patrol

The annals of crime in South Dakota are full of tragedies which were the direct result of hitchhiking.

It was hitchhiking which revived the capital-punishment law, prescribing death in the electric chair for perpetrators of murder and kidnaping. The law, enacted in 1939, was the direct result of a heinous crime in 1937, when Ada Carey, a popular Onida teacher, picked up two 17-year-old Chicago youths. They shot and bludgeoned her to death to steal her car. . . .



Backtracking John Wesley

By ROMEY PITT MARSHALL
Editor, North Carolina Christian Advocate

SO YOU'RE going to England? Perhaps this year, perhaps next. You'll go where other tourists go, no doubt. But do a bit of planning and you can make yours a Methodist tour. For John Wesley, who founded Methodism in the 1700s, left his mark throughout the British Isles.

When in London, make City Road chapel—the mother church of world-wide Methodism—a "must." It's within walking distance of St. Paul's Cathedral, which is on all guided tours, or probably but a few minutes by taxi from your hotel.

Last summer I stood within the walls of this shrine and mused . . . seeing the old saint, his once dark hair now gray, as he preached his first sermon from the high pulpit. John Wesley was a short man, weighing only 122 pounds, yet few Englishmen have wielded deeper influence over the minds and hearts of men. In this historic pulpit, he experienced his greatest success after the storms of his early ministry. The chapel is still one of Methodism's great preaching places. Visitors from afar come to worship and to marvel at the pillars and windows, gifts of Methodist churches around the world.

John Wesley died at 88 in 1791 and is buried in the churchyard behind the chapel. His vault is covered with flat stones and surmounted by a sandstone obelisk. I was unable to verify stories that he was buried in a standing position, but it is known that the funeral service for Wesley, a lifelong early riser, was held at 5 A.M.

In front of the chapel is the imposing statue pictured in water colors by Floyd Johnson on page 37. Wesley's house, which he built in 1779, is adjacent to the statue and courtyard. Here visitors are shown his study, the bedroom in which he died, and the small adjoining room which was the scene of his private devotions and personal relics.

Susanna Wesley, mother of John and Charles, rests across City Road in Bunhill Fields Cemetery among other English notables. [See *Mother of Methodism,* April, page 74.] Around the corner is Epworth Press, official publishing house of British Methodism. A tablet here will direct you some 40 yards southeast to the site of the old "Foundery." Here, where the British once cast cannon, Wesley started his first London chapel, his early class meetings, and philanthropic work. Thirty years before he conducted a service here, the building had been abandoned after an explosion.

There are many Methodist missions and chapels in London. There's even a Wesley Avenue and a Wesley Road. You'll find streets named Abingdon and Epworth. But you may be interested in doing a little detective work, as I did when I set out to see if I could find the little room on Aldersgate Street where Wesley's heart was "strangely warmed" the night of May 24, 1738.

Some think the site is at No. 28 Aldersgate Street. I found the address within easy walking distance of Epworth Press. There's a tablet to be seen on the wall today, but the site is occupied now by a commercial concern. Another tablet at nearby St. Botolph's Church of England commemorates the conversion of the Wesley brothers on Aldersgate Street.

Anyone who explores the high spots of London must find himself at the very doorstep of a later-day symbol of Methodism. This is Wesleyan Central Hall, not far from Westminster Abbey.

Central Hall is a large building at the corner of Tothill Street and Broad Sanctuary. Its Viennese dome is said to compare favorably both in beauty and accoustical qualities with St. Peter's in Rome. Many world-famous clergymen have preached here since the hall was built in 1910-12.

Fifty-odd miles northwest of London is Oxford—and all tourists go there. Remind yourself to buy a post card to be mailed to your preacher back home. The card should carry a picture of Christ Church College [see

Church dignitaries pass through Epworth Square to dedicate the Old Rectory as a shrine of world Methodism.

page 35], for Methodism was born here. Both John and his hymn-writing brother, Charles, studied here, and here they became associated with the serious young men who met and worshiped so methodically that they were nicknamed Methodists!

Smaller Lincoln College, Oxford, is the place where John lived as a teaching fellow in 1726. His room is kept much as it was in the days when he studied and prayed there. While I stood at the threshold, I recalled that from this place Wesley went with James Oglethorpe on the long and barren mission to Georgia. [See *The Wesleys in Georgia,* September, page 34.]

When John first came to Oxford, he traveled from his home about 100 miles north in Lincoln County. Epworth rectory, where he was born, is in the midst of a swampy, rural area. You go by train to Doncaster, thence by bus to Epworth, a few miles to the east.

Epworth rectory has been restored recently, but pains have been taken to preserve it as it was more than 200 years ago. You'll want to explore the kitchen where Susanna reigned; the study where her husband, Samuel, wrote his sermons, his poems, his monumental book on Job; the attic where the playful ghost, Jeffrey, was supposed to hold forth.

In old St. Andrew's, the Anglican church nearby, is the font where most of the Wesleys' 19 children were baptized. In this ancient church John received his first Communion from his father's hands. He returned to the church years later, but was denied the privilege of appearing in the pulpit his father had occupied.

In his *Journal,* he writes about that experience:

"A little before the service began I went to Mr. Romley, the curate, and offered to assist him either in preaching or reading prayers; but he did not care to accept of my assistance . . . After sermon John Taylor stood in the churchyard and gave notice, as the people were coming out, 'Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock.' Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone . . ."

High spots of a BRITISH METHODIST TOUR

England is rich in places associated with early Methodism and The Methodist Church. When you visit England you may not be able to see many of these Methodist shrines, but you will want to visit and photograph at least those which TOGETHER artist Floyd A. Johnson painted on the next three pages.

More than once after that Wesley preached from his father's tombstone, which, by the way, is flat. Other Methodists have followed the practice through the years. One of the most recent occasions came last year when the rectory, restored by British and American Methodists, was formally dedicated as a hostel and shrine.

Back in London, friends insisted I see Bristol where Charles spent most of his life and John first began field preaching. Bristol is 108 miles west of London.

Here is the New Room, oldest Methodist church in the world. In the courtyard is the famed statue of Wesley on a horse, said to be the only one of its kind in the world. Many believe this is the best study of Wesley in existence.

Inside the New Room is a galleried chapel below the rooms where the Bristol preachers lived. The two-decked pulpit, the clock in the gallery front, the sconces on the pillars, all speak of ages past. So do the high windows, placed that way tradition says, so mobs could not throw stones into the congregation. I've been told, also, that it was possible for Wesley to sit in his upper room and, through the window in the skylight, evaluate anyone preaching in the pulpit below. He is said to have "tried out" many a preacher here, listening and watching in seclusion.

Wesley had varied interests, high among them education, which explains the attention he paid to Kingswood, his famous boarding school at Bath, near Bristol [see page 36]. The sons of miners attended this school, but so did many others. Courses were hard and discipline was strict. It is interesting, incidentally, to note that the Methodist custom of a New Year's Eve "watch night" originated among converted miners at Kingswood. Today British Methodism has a number of other schools like this.

Not far away is Hanham Mount, where Wesley preached to 6,000 miners. At the site, inlaid in concrete, are Wesley's well-known words: "The world is my parish."

There is much for Methodists to see in Britain, but the present-day visitor can't possibly follow Wesley's footsteps everywhere. If one would backtrack Wesley in the best-known places, I would recommend that he study the man's life. Possibly the best source is the Wesley *Journal,* which reveals a remarkable man: a scholar, preacher, reformer, philanthropist, psychologist, organizer, and saint.

In his own day, Wesley's writings brought a fortune. But he did not become a wealthy man. During his lifetime, it is said, he gave away what would be the equivalent of half a million dollars today. As a result, he had little in worldly goods when he died. Someone has said he left nothing much except "a good library of books, a well-worn clergyman's gown, a much-abused reputation—and The Methodist Church."

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD: *Two hours from London by car across picturesque England is the famed school where Wesley studied from 1720 to 1725 and practiced the rigorous, methodical life of work and prayer that gives us our name, "Methodist."*

KINGSWOOD SCHOOL, BATH: *Precious relics here still speak of Wesley—his bed, his gown, the old Kingswood pulpit from which he preached salvation for every man, and many of his hand-inscribed books. Kingswood now is a preparatory school.*

CITY ROAD CHAPEL, LONDON: *This is Britain's mother church of Methodism, with marble pillars from Methodist churches the world over given on the 100th anniversary of Wesley's death. John is buried here. His home with its prayer room stands nearby.*

'Brother Van' Shooting Buffalo

Oil painting by CHARLES M. RUSSELL

© Montana Deaconess Hospital, Inc., Great Falls, Mont.

As a pioneer Montana missionary, William Wesley Van Orsdel was put to the test by Blackfeet Indians who picked him to lead their buffalo hunt. "Brother Van" upheld the honor of the white man's religion! Charlie Russell, the celebrated cowboy artist, was a close friend of Brother Van's. If you visit Montana on your vacation, you may see his painting at the Russell Art Gallery in Great Falls. For Brother Van's dramatic life story, see *Saint in Stirrups,* page 18.

Eastern Orthodoxy, with its 170 million members, stands today at a global crossroads. Here is . . .

America's Fourth Faith

The seat of Orthodoxy is Istanbul on the Bosporus, where centuries look down on the graceful spires of old Sancta Sophia, which now is a mosque.

By T. Otto Nall

Editor, New Christian Advocate

Archbishop Athenagoras of Istanbul is titular head of all the Orthodox churches.

AN ANCIENT BODY of Christendom, which claims to embrace more than 170 million believers, is becoming recognized today—with Protestantism, Judaism, and Roman Catholicism—as the fourth great religious faith in the U. S. It is Eastern (or Greek) Orthodoxy, until now identified by many Americans only as a shadowy land between Protestantism and Catholicism where many of the clergy wear bushy beards, some marry, and the churches observe Christmas in January.

But this little-understood faith—one fourth of the Christian world—is making a new impact upon American life. It claims 1,000 parishes in this country and some 6 million adherents. It is expanding its activities, adding to its seminaries, and establishing youth centers on college campuses. Not long ago, the U. S. armed forces for the first time authorized its symbol, "EO," inscribed as religious identification

The new Saint Sophia in Los Angeles cost $2 million and is one of the most beautiful churches in Orthodoxy. It was built with the money donated by the movie magnates, the Skouras brothers.

servicemen's dog tags, along with Protestant, holic, and Jewish identifications. And Eastern hodox chaplains now serve with the armed es.

Looming behind this picture of progress in this ntry is the grim shadow of world trouble for hodoxy. Misfortunes have befallen its ecumenical orld-wide) patriarch in Istanbul (formerly Con- ntinople) that have shoved this peace-loving urch into world politics. Both West and East are ggling for its support, but Orthodoxy is not ted on where its allegiance—if a church owes allegiance to a political body—should go.

We Americans should understand all this. To do we need to know something of the history and anization of the Orthodox church, or, better to , churches.

The Orthodox claim to going back to the Apostle

Reminder of Russia's ownership of Alaska (1741-1867), this church at Sitka was the first Orthodox church built on the American continent.

Andrew rests in part upon the Epistles of Ignatius of Antioch about 116 A.D. Later, in 325 A.D., the bishop of Constantinople was recognized as equal to Rome, Constantinople being the new capital of the empire.

The importance of the respective patriarchs has risen and fallen with the importance of their cities. When, in 330 A.D., Emperor Constantine removed the capital of the empire to Constantinople, it was inevitable that the patriarch there should increase in influence.

The course of history drove wedges into the organized church, causing trouble among the various patriarchates. Alexandria broke away, forming a strain leading to the Coptic church, headed today by a patriarch with residence in Egypt. (Haile Selassie of Ethiopia is of that faith.) Rome and the eastern patriarchs drifted gradually apart due to nationalistic, economic, and ecclesiastical causes. In 1054 the breach became complete. (Eight Eastern groups since have reunited with Roman Catholicism, recognizing the supremacy of the Pope, but retaining their Eastern rites. These are the Uniat churches. Sometimes they return to Orthodoxy.)

Today, Eastern Orthodoxy is composed of 21

Through the ages, the Greek Orthodox church has helped to preserve Christian heritage. In Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulcher, it shares shrine with both the Armenians and Romans.

At St. Anthony's, Chicago, a cantor renders his antiphonal responses to the divine liturgy of the Greek church. This faith puts heavy stress on liturgy.

urches, each of them independent
d self-governing. The ecumenical
triarch at Instanbul remains the
nior, not because of greater author-
but because of the long tradition
his city as the center of Orthodoxy.
e is first among the patriarchs of
ntioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Mos-
w, Belgrade, and Bucharest, and
also revered by the heads of the
urches of Greece, Cyprus, Bulgaria,
d Albania.

The present Ecumenical Patriarch
Istanbul is Athenagoras, a tower-
g figure of a man who served his
urch for a number of years in the
S. and, in fact, was once an Amer-
n citizen. Still a stanch friend of
merica, he has been in and out of
or with the Turkish government.
rrently, he is out of favor. Riots
ve wrecked his buildings and jeop-
lized his safety. Many political ele-
nts in Turkey, basically a Moham-
dan country, are clamoring for
henagoras' expulsion. That would
virtually like removing the Roman
tholic Pope from Rome.

And if the seat of Orthodoxy in
nbul is gone, the tradition of lead-
hip for the Ecumenical Patriarch
es with it. Who then would be-
ne the "first" among the patri-
hs? Who else, many fear, but
riarch Alexei of Moscow?

Patriarch Alexei has sent recent
gations to Jerusalem, offering aid
he beleaguered Greek Orthodox
rch there. He provides regular
ncial aid to the Patriarchate of
xandria. He is sending a mission
clergymen to India, where the
ve church traces descent from
omas, the Apostolic "doubter."

Whether it be in Russia, America,
bia, or Egypt, Orthodoxy tends
ke on the coloration of the peo-
s among whom it finds itself. But
Orthodox churches have a com-
n faith. They all believe in Christ
the Savior of mankind and the
urch as the storehouse of truth and
ctifying grace. They hold that
ir church is infallible, but their
yer book says that infallibility be-
gs "to the whole assembly of true
evers," to the whole church as
resented by its council.

The Orthodox community also has
common church government,
ich in some respects is more like
democracy of Congregationalism
n the authoritarianism of Rome.

Archbishop Michael (third from left), head of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America, was elected one of the presidents of the World Council of Churches in 1954 meeting at Evanston, Ill. Also elected at this same meeting was Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri of Buenos Aires (fifth from left). Resident there, he is the presiding bishop of The Methodist Church in Argentina, Uruguay, and Bolivia.

Furthermore, Orthodoxy has a common basis of worship. Their elaborate ritual—which links them most closely among Protestants to Episcopalians—goes back to the practices of early Christian churches.

In the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, there is more than one site of the manger. The Roman Catholics have one; the Greek Orthodox adherents have another; the Armenian Christians still another, yet all are under the roof of the same old church. It is easy to see that, even in the place where the Christ child was born, his followers do not get on too well together. There was a time not far past when the keys to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem were kept by a Moslem family because Christians could not get along.

THE estrangement between Greek and Roman Christians showed up early in the growth of the Christian church. But the final break did not come until July 6, 1054, when a robed emissary of Pope Leo IX slapped down on the altar of Hagia Sophia Church a paper excommunicating the whole Eastern church. The charges: wearing beards; allowing priests to marry (they still do but the clergy from whom the bishops are chosen do not); using leavened bread for the Sacrament, and believing that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father alone, rather than from the Father and the Son.

The same Pope Leo also ordered his soldiers to chop down a crucifix that hung on one of the gates of Constantinople. According to the story, the soldiers climbed a ladder, some women pushed it out from under them, and several people were killed in the ensuing fracas. The Iconoclastic ("break ikons") controversy flared. Ikons are images, but, remembering the commandment, the Greeks did not use rounded statues, as the Romans did, but flat pictures, some indescribably beautiful.

The real bone of contention, going back to ninth-century Pope Nicholas I, and before, was the primacy of the Roman Pope. Constantinople did not deny that he came first, but it looked upon him as a court of reference rather than a final and ultimate judicial superior. Orthodoxy has always resisted Roman totalitarianism, and does so to this day.

There have been attempts at reunion ever since the Middle Ages and the Roman church still hopes someday to return the Eastern church to its fold. Most of the effort, however, appears to be one-sided.

In 1956 the Roman church called for a Unionistic Congress with the Eastern Orthodox churches, to be held in Chicago. Invitations were sent out to all 36 bishops of the Eastern faith in the U.S. When the day of the conference came, representatives of the Roman Catholic church arrived at their beautiful St. Procopius Abbey in Lisle, near Chicago. But no Eastern bishop appeared.

In many ways, Orthodoxy has drawn closer to Protestantism than it has to Romanism. It has fellowship with Protestant churches through the World Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches.

In recent years, Eastern Orthodox parishes have joined with Episcopal churches in co-operative activities. In January, for example, the "high church" Episcopalians and the East-

The Power of PRINCIPLE

By ROY L. SMITH

TO THE BEST of his ability, a scientist had sought for God's guidance. And to the best of his ability he had followed that guidance when he thought it granted.

That his opponents were honest men he was willing to grant, though he believed their viewpoint prejudiced. When they resorted to unfair tactics and false charges, he refused to fight back on that level. Instead, he held to the course he believed had God's approval. When the issue was finally resolved, he wrote to a friend, explaining his thinking in some detail.

"As a scientist," he wrote, "I find it necessary to believe in the inevitability of certain things, for we live in a world of law. My personal opinion never changes any chemical reaction, and no oratory of mine would alter the operation of the law of gravity. In some matters I might be able to win the board over to my way of thinking by a clever bit of parliamentary handling, but I would not change the moral implications of the case.

"If the law of gravity produces certain results inevitably, and if certain drugs in the human blood stream produce predictable results, it must also be true that moral principles work inexorably. That being the case, if I can be sure I am right I need have no fear of the ultimate outcome.

"Paul once said that 'perfect love casts out all fear,' and I am sure that principle is one of the dependable laws of the universe, just as gravity is. I have discovered, too, that the conviction that I am doing the will of God in a situation also casts out fear.

"In the struggle through which I have just come I was supported by the confidence that I was right, that I was seeking no personal advantage, that my central purpose was to do the will of God. With that inner assurance, I was never tempted to waver."

Reduced to its moral significance, fear is the knowledge that one is arrayed against the moral order of the universe, that one is a rebel against life itself. No man, knowing this, can hope for peace of mind or a sense of security.

The Old Testament psalmist was dealing with this principle when he wrote: "Search me, O God, and know my heart! Try me and know my thoughts! And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

ern Orthodox churches co-operated in the Week of Prayer for Christians United. It is interesting that John Wesley, founder of Methodism, pondering the matter of ordination, admired the method used by the Church of Alexandria and wrote (in 1784): "The presbyters of that venerable apostolic church, on the death of a bishop, exercised the right of ordaining another from their own body, by the laying on of hands."

Yet the Orthodox church differs greatly from most Protestant churches with which it co-operates.

Orthodoxy, for example, holds that there is no salvation for any person outside the visible church. Under the influence of the Holy Spirit, the church cannot err in matters of faith.

Orthodoxy maintains that bishops, priests, deacons, and other clergy are set apart from other Christians for service in the church, a doctrine acceptable to Episcopalians but generally inconsistent with the Protestant "priesthood of all believers." When priests and deacons are ordained, however, the Orthodox bishop holds the vestments up to the congregation and asks *"Axios?"* (Is he worthy?) and the people reply, *"Axios!"* There is no such democratic gesture in the Roman Catholic church.

Orthodoxy believes that a body of doctrine is necessary, supernaturally revealed through the Holy Spirit to those who are delegates to the church councils. If any reunion with Roman Catholics—or Protestants—is to come, the Orthodox insist that there must be an "agreement in faith," set forth in ancient creeds.

Orthodoxy has a mystical and sacramentarian view. Christ is the Logos, the Word, the Truth of God. In him the divine and human natures were joined. Men can be saved only through a similar union, effected through the church's sacraments.

Holy Scripture is not enough; there must be Holy Tradition. It is full of meaningful symbolism.

Orthodoxy stresses "love" and "grace." It can be put this way: If Roman Catholic Christianity is the religion of "law," and Protestant Christianity is the religion of "faith," then Orthodox Christianity is the religion of "love." That shines through all its life.

May God keep it shining during the stormy days ahead!

Advice from ***"Dick" Richmond Barbour****—someone who understands—usually irons out teen troubles.*

Teens Together

with an ex-teen-ager

I don't get along with other girls as I used to. They don't invite e to their homes any more. At Sunday hool and MYF the girls are nice but m always out of the swim. Boys like e. I can take my pick of them. Do u suppose that is why the girls don't e me?—K.D.

Possibly, although it isn't likely. Have you grown up faster than e other girls? Perhaps you've matured ore than they have. Don't do or say ngs which offend them; be nice to eryone. Don't talk about yourself your boy friends. Phases like this part of being a teen-ager. Usually ey don't last.

I'm a sophomore in high school. I went steady with a boy for al- t a year. Then I broke up. I see now as my fault. I have hurt him deeply. parents like him and think of him ost as one of the family. He wants go with me again, and I want to go h him. But I am not sure how to him. What shall I do?—D.Z.

Invite him for dinner. Then go for a walk and have a talk.

I'm 14 and in junior high. I belong to a club of 10 nice girls. til recently everything was fine. en we began having boy-girl parties tead of our usual all-girl meetings. w we're jealous of each other. One l gave a party for only five members d the rest were hurt. I'm sure boys the source of our troubles. Can you p us?—J.R.

Sooner or later most such clubs encounter the same problem. ne of your members probably are dating regularly. Their lives will be different. Keep on being nice to all your friends. Try not to gossip. If you have a party, invite them all. But don't expect the past to return.

I have been going steady with a boy for a year. I don't care for him any more and want to break up, but I hate to upset him. He loves me. We both are 14. What shall I do?—R.A.

Breaking up is one of the problems which going steady creates. Be kind, but frank. Tell the boy you wish he'd go out with other girls, and that you will date other boys. "Love" may be too strong a word to describe his feeling. "Crush" might be better. Probably he'll get over it soon.

Is it proper for a teacher to swear in class? We have a substitute science teacher who doesn't seem to know he swears. Some kids think it is funny, but I don't.—B.L.

No, it is not proper. Can you find a way to let the teacher know how you feel? He should respond favorably. If he doesn't, ask your father to tell your principal to check on what is happening. It shouldn't continue.

Am I old enough to go out with boys? When I was 13 I agreed I was too young. Now I'm 15. My dad still says I'm too young. Am I?—M.E.

There is no one age when dating becomes proper. It depends on several factors. Do the other nice girls of your age in your crowd have dates? Are you a dependable girl? Are the affairs you'd attend properly chaperoned? Would you go with good boys? Do you usually have sound judgment? Talk with your parents. If they agree that the answers to these questions are "yes," I'd say you are old enough to start dating.

My mother says that when I'm with a girl I should be the one to start the conversation. I never know what to say. Can you help me?—F.C.

Ask questions about the girl herself. Ask what clubs she belongs to, what platters she enjoys, what TV programs or dances she likes. We all like to talk about ourselves.

We discussed making out at an MYF meeting and concluded it was wrong. Then I asked my aunt, a psychologist. She said many popular kids make out and that mild petting is all right. Who's right?—N.M.

Your MYF group.

Daddy says I'm wacky because I love two girls. I'm 14. When I think about one of them I'm sure she's tops. Then I think about the other and decide she's best. How can I choose?—S.A.

Don't try to choose. Many boys of your age are interested in several girls. Enjoy companionship with both. Later on a choice will come naturally.

We're twins, 16. We have been invited to several parties attended by both boys and girls. The kids

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

The Matchmaker: Adults (+)

One of the liveliest comedies of the year. Shirley Booth, a marriage counselor, is ostensibly trying to find a young wife for the aging Paul Ford, a tight-fisted Brooklyn merchant. All the time, however, Shirley is determined to marry the old skinflint herself. Set at the turn of the century, the film has many nostalgic touches. The two downtrodden clerks, Anthony Perkins and Robert Morse, take a vacation while Ford is on his matrimonial safari and meet Shirley MacLain, the girl Ford thinks he is going to marry, but doesn't.

Proud Rebel: Family (+)

Alan Ladd, his 11-year-old son, David, and a dog are the stars of this friendly story, set in the days following the Civil War. From the shock of seeing his mother killed, David becomes a mute. Alan searches for a doctor who can cure him and in his wanderings, becomes a hired hand on the farm of Olivia De Havilland. The relations of father and son, and their affection for the dog, are excellent.

Ten North Frederick: Adults (—)

In spite of a confusing story line, this film finally concludes that Gary Cooper could never rise above his basic handicap—he is too much of a gentleman to take advantage of the people who are taking advantage of him. Though the observation is justified, it is not very salutary—and neither are some of the characters in the cast.

Fraulein: Adults (+)

In and immediately after the last days of World War II, no one in Berlin was safe, least of all a pretty girl of good breeding. Dana Wynter faces plenty in this account of those terrible months. The advances of drunken Russian commanders, the unscrupulous trade of greedy Germans, and almost unbearable privation make life tragic—until a young American officer (Mel Ferrer) falls in love with her and arranges to bring her to America as his wife.

Dragstrip Riot: Youth (—)

The juvenile delinquents in this film either travel in sports cars or belong to a rival gang that can afford only motorcycles. Fights are numerous. Treachery is the main element in the plot. Too much discipline by Grandpa and not enough by Mamma result in rebellion and a near-fatal situation until the oldsters miraculously see that young people need to be "understood." Characterization poor, story melodramatic.

Windjammer: Family (+)

In the new cinemiracle process, this film is magnificent. Two defects—poor editing and a garden scene in which liquor is served to minors—prevent the picture from being nearly perfect. It is a documentary account of the experiences of Norwegian boys on a sailing vessel that follows the route of Columbus to America. The boys are appealing, their adventures interesting, the ports they visit are exciting. A big picture.

Cattle Empire: Youth (+)

When Joel McCrea gets out of prison and returns to the cattle town, the inhabitants nearly kill him by dragging him through the streets. They had reason to hate Joel, for his men had shot up the town, maiming, looting, killing. However, the big cattle owner saves Joel's life and offers him a job driving a herd to market. Here the plot becomes confused and drawn out before the solution is revealed.

Marjorie Morningstar: Adults (—)

Those who have been awaiting the appearance of this best seller on the screen are likely to be disappointed. It's just another film about a young girl, Natalie Wood, who meets many temptations but comes through unscathed. If the serious viewer reads into the picture a significance not apparent to the casual, his question will probably be, "How can the youth of this generation find roots and meaning for their lives after they have cut loose from the religious traditions of the past?" The answer the film gives is not clear.

didn't date, but they paired off a little at the parties. Nothing wrong happened, but our parents have not let us go again. They say we'll have to wait until we are 17. Is that fair?—A.L.

A Parents must decide such things. Responsible young people can attend good parties safely at an earlier age than irresponsible ones. Most parents let reliable 16-year-olds go to good mixed parties. Would your parents be willing to discuss their decision with the person in charge of youth activities at church or with a school counselor?

Q *My girl friend's parents make her wear shapeless clothes. She has a figure but hides it. She has asked me to help her. Would it be all right for me to tell her mother that the clothes she wears are terrible?—A.A.*

A Probably not. Does your girl friend have a girl friend her mother likes? She might try, but a boy shouldn't.

Q *I'm a boy of 16, a college freshman. I was engaged at 14. The girl and I have been in love ever since and when I left for college we promised not to date anyone else. Now she writes that she has dated another boy and loves him. Is she fickle?—T.A.*

A I've watched the same thing happen several times. At your age separation brings breakups. Your girl isn't fickle, just normal. You were too young to consider yourselves engaged. Talk with her when you go home, and I think you will come to an understanding. Start dating other girls.

Q *I'm a girl of 15 and go with a boy, 16. My parents think it is all right, but my girl friend doesn't. Is he too old for me?—T.A.*

A Many girls go with boys a year or two older. Most girls mature faster than boys, so it's a normal arrangement.

●

TEENS: *Dr. Barbour—the man with the answers that help solve your troubles—is a public-school counselor in San Diego, Calif., and each day helps many teen-agers with their problems. Write him in care of* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

Let's Make SUNDAYS Pleasant

By CALVIN BERGDALL

I AWOKE with a start. Instantly, I realized that I should have been out of bed an hour earlier—and I guiltily regretted my decision not to set the alarm.

As my feet hit the floor I shouted, "Everybody up! It's 8:30; only an hour to get ready for church!" Jean, my wife, drowsily lifted her head. It took me a minute to awaken her. Then I sprinted for our one and only bathroom, only to be greeted with a locked door and the sound of running water; 17-year-old Sylvia was drawing her bath. There went half of my precious hour!

Terry and Tommy, our eight and six-year-olds, came bounding out of their room and streaked for the colored comics. They never reached them; Jean's voice, "Come on, boys, here's your breakfast," brought them up short. She slammed a box of cereal, a bottle of milk, and the sugar bowl on the table. Even this much breakfast was out of the question for the rest of us; there simply wasn't time. Jean was laying out the boys' clothes when a happy shriek burst from the crib. Five-month-old Timmy was greeting the new day.

Jean grabbed him and raced to bathe him, calling over her shoulder, "See that the boys get dressed!" I threw a yearning glance toward the headlines, then gave up. Syl finally cleared the bathroom and I went in to bathe and shave. I had just started when:

"Dad, our shoes have to be shined," Terry called.

I opened the door and snarled at my wife, "I thought you did that last night."

"Sure," she snapped back. "It's all my fault. Who stopped you from doing it?"

I boiled with resentment; my wife, equally as angry, finished dressing the baby. Finally we got ourselves and the boys into the car, where we sat and waited for our whirling teen-ager. Then, cross, hungry, untidy, and tardy, we were off to receive the blessings of Sunday school and church. When we arrived, opening exercises were over and classes were in session.

This, until a short time ago, was a typical Sunday morning at our house. Ask yourself, as I asked myself what Sunday, does this set the stage for the children to determine that they will always attend church when they are on their own? Does it develop a mood which makes one receptive to the minister's message?

Like most parents, we want our children when grown to attend church regularly. The best way to attain this goal is to indoctrinate them in childhood so that they wish to attend. This can be achieved best by making Sunday a special day; a pleasant one to be anticipated rather than a dreary one to be dreaded.

And so we called a family council. The result: we all resolved to do better. Now I sacrifice my extra sleep on Sunday mornings and arise at 7 A.M., bathe and shave immediately to clear the bathroom. Believe it or not, I actually have several minutes to glance at my beloved newspaper before I awaken the others at 7:45. Jean makes the beds and tidies the house while Sylvia bathes and I prepare breakfast.

We all eat together, finishing around 8:30. Then while Syl does the dishes, Jean and Timmy bathe. The boys—whose clothes have been laid out the night before—and I dress. Even the boys' shoes have been shined, in advance, so we almost always have time to read the funnies while Jean, Syl, and Timmy are dressing.

In good time, we leave for church with our stomachs full, our clothes neat, and our dispositions serene. Usually Jean now finds time during the morning to slip a roast in the oven and when we come home she and Sylvia soon have a hot meal ready, replacing the sandwiches we ate back in our hectic days. We spend the afternoon in many ways—visiting, driving, playing games, or napping.

Almost before we realize it, we must be back at church for MYF at 6:30. Then we attend regular evening services at 7:30—and still are home in time to fix hamburgers and get the boys in bed on time.

This is the routine for our new Sundays. The boys now come home chattering about their lesson and we older ones enjoy the sermon. We are all more relaxed throughout the day. The loss of a little extra sleep, plus some general co-operation, has turned a previously hectic day into the cheerful one it is meant to be. More important, we believe our youngsters are enjoying the day so much that church and Sunday school will be pleasant memories when they mature. This foundation, we are sure, will develop stanch members—and it is upon this cornerstone that our nation, and our civilization, are built.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS
ON THE INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

T. C. Swackhamer
St. Louis, Mo.

Vernon K. Hanks
Great Falls, Mont.

Wade Weldon
Louisville, Ky.

W. H. Alderson
Bridgeport, Conn.

JULY 20

Let each of you look not only to his own interests, but also to the interests of others.
—Philippians 2:4

GREAT CHURCHES can be ruined by little jealousies and prejudices. People of great minds and ability can be destroyed by these sins. Paul was faced with this problem in his Philippian church. It had been a wonderful church—generous, lofty in its living. He was in sorrow that the church he had loved was going to pieces through petty jealousy over honors and awards.

How could he save the situation?

One can't eliminate honors and preferences in the church or in the world. Three may be qualified for a position for which only one can be selected. I have seen a man in a large firm when he or someone else was to be chosen for a promotion. It was now or never. It was the goal toward which he had worked since joining the firm, yet the position went to another. How can a man take such an answer to his prayers and dreams?

In the church, two or three persons are qualified for official-board chairman, WSCS president, or church-school superintendent. All have worked hard; only one can be selected. It takes a big person not to get tripped up by petty attitudes.

Paul gives the answer to this provoking problem that was tearing his church. "Let each of you look not only to his own interests, but also to the interests of others." This applies both to the successful candidate and to the defeated one. Humility is as necessary for the person who doesn't get the promotion as for the person who does.

One can easily reason, "I have deserved the honor. I have worked hard, been efficient. I am a good selection for the business." One should learn to see the thing from the other man's point of view. He thinks the same about himself. It would help if the loser thought the same of the winner as he did of himself—and told him so.

These personal problems in human relations can wreck a shop o church. That is what was happen ing at Philippi, and Paul gives convincing example from the lif of their Lord in this matter o humility. It is in the next verse after our text: "Have this min among yourselves, which you hav in Christ Jesus, who, though h was in the form of God, did no count equality with God a thin to be grasped, but emptied him self, taking the form of a servant being born in the likeness of men And being found in human form he humbled himself and becam obedient unto death, even death on a cross."

Prayer: O God, our Father, hel us to be as concerned for the well being of our fellow man as we ar for ourselves. Help us to be fol lowers of our Lord in his humility and sacrifice. Amen.

—T. CECIL SWACKHAME

JULY 27

Love does no wrong to neighbor; therefore love the fulfilling of the law.
Romans 13:10

ONE EVENING I went to mai some letters at the local pos office. I intended to drive aroun the block and stop at the drive-u mailbox. A car was parked i front of the box with motor idlin and a driver at the wheel. I waite patiently for a minute or so, the gently touched the horn to let th driver know I was waiting behin him. Several seconds later sounded the horn again. By thi time other waiting drivers wer behind me touching their horns— loudly.

Finally, I jumped out of th car and walked up to the mailbo to insert the letters. Casually, looked at the parked driver. could read his look of defensiv defiance. He knew he was in th wrong. Apparently he was wait ing for someone to come out of th post office and stubbornly refuse to move on.

On what level does loving ou neighbor start? Perhaps thi parked driver was a fine fathe and husband, attended church regularly, and opened the door fo elderly people. But, in the shad owy areas, around the mailboxe

fe, it was different. Does love e a place in the little things of

'e talk about solving problems veen nations. We express con- for minority groups. We k big thoughts—but we live e lives.

y friend at the mailbox *re- ded me of me.* On the mailbox- l of life, I often fail. It haunts oday to remember the number mes I have worked ill to my hbor. Perhaps I have incon- enced him by failing to be on for an appointment. Or have rgotten to express my appre- ion for a kindness? Little gs? Are they really so small? many times, in the shadow of mailbox, have I failed to love fellow men?

er: Forgive me, Lord, for ng to be considerate of others he little things of life. For- me for being so wrapped up yself and my own problems I fail to notice the simple ds of others. Teach me how to he little loads. May others find ne the reassuring smile, the le touch that will restore their in others and in you. We ask the name of One who thought p of cold water was important, for the sake of those we meet rrow. Amen.

—VERNON K. HANKS

ST 3

Jesus then said to the Jews who had believed in him, "If you continue in my word you are truly my disciples, and you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free."—John 8:31, 32

DOESN'T matter what a man believes if he is sincere," a old argument for tolerance error. To accept this view is more that there is a difference een truth and fiction. It is to pret truth as subjective, er than objective. It is to make ion an inexact science. Jesus ted this kind of tolerance. He ly stated that truth saves and destroys.

e, therefore, must not only bedient to truth, we must be ers after truth. We have been ittle concerned about what we believe. Yet, our faith is the determining factor in our lives. If it be built on error the result is tragic. When liberality becomes a license to escape the exactness of truth it is dangerous. When it is denied in the search for truth, the hunger of man is satisfied.

The strength of Protestantism is its passion for truth. Nothing is to escape the searchlight of investigation. A thing is true, not because it is declared, but because evidence proves its authority. We, therefore, hold to the open Bible and priesthood of all believers. In these principles we reidentify ourselves with the search of hungry minds for truth.

Jesus was optimistic when he declared, "You will know the truth." Often we lose the intellectual hunger which leads men to saving faith. Jesus was an exact scientist when he stated, "The truth will make you free." It breaks the shackles of error and lets man become a creative being.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.
—*William Cullen Bryant*

Prayer: Our Father, give us a passion for truth. Quicken our minds that we may discern accurately between truth and error. Establish thy truth in our minds that we may become the foundation for thy church. Grant us the creative freedom which rewards all who conform to truth. Amen.

—WADE WELDON

AUGUST 10

The God of Israel has spoken, the Rock of Israel has said to me: When one rules justly over men, ruling in the fear of God, he dawns on them like the morning light, like the sun shining forth upon a cloudless morning, like rain that makes grass to sprout from the earth.
—II Samuel 23:3, 4

THE WORDS OF A MAN about to die always impress us. They may be those of a criminal entering the execution chamber, "the last, low whisper" of a loved one, or the parting counsel of a carpenter from Nazareth speaking in an ancient upper room! Final words grip our attention.

These are among the last recorded words from David, the Psalmist, Israel's king. We would expect something out of the ordinary from "the sweet singer of Israel" who wrote: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

We are not disappointed in his last words. They have great beauty. Listen! Catch the rhythm, hear the music!

"The God of Israel has spoken, the Rock of Israel has said to me:

"When one rules justly over men, ruling in the fear of God, he dawns on them like the morning light, like the sun shining forth upon a cloudless morning, like rain that makes grass to sprout from the earth."

What pictures these words paint! A fair, but kindly judge holding court! Day breaking in the east, causing "the shadows of the night" to flee away! The sun, warm, life giving, shining from an azure sky! An April shower "raining violets." These last words fire our imaginations.

They embody a vital, eternal truth. When an unjust rule overshadows the lives of men, no one is safe. Rights are violated. Recrimination and vengeance are rampant. Bloodshed is an everyday incident and freedom disappears. Fear clouds the sky. Vast areas of our world offer tragic testimony to the effect of unjust rule. The rule is not in the fear of God, for God is "ruled out of existence."

But just rule means "daybreak everywhere." Everyone is accorded his rights. Rule in the fear of God implies impartial rule. No man is above the law. All are within its protection. Everybody is within God's love—just rule includes them all. The day dawns everywhere, not just in favored places. The sun shines on everyone, not just the highly privileged. The rain falls on the "just and the unjust." Just rule, under God, is the secret of the kingdom coming "on earth as it is in heaven."

Prayer: O God, our Father, help us to be just and fair with those about us. Help us to be so just and fair that if all men should treat each other as we do, heaven would be in our midst and the kingdom would already have come. Amen.

—WILLIAM H. ALDERSON

Barnabas takes

Looks at New Books

THE STORY of Woodrow Wilson's lonely, tragic struggle to establish a lasting peace after World War I has been told before, but rarely with the sympathetic insight found in **Herbert Hoover's** latest book, *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson* (McGraw-Hill, $6).

It isn't a biography, Hoover explains, but rather ". . . an appraisal of his [Wilson's] mind, his character, his abilities, his attainments, and of the things that happened to him during the years of American participation in the . . . war, the peacemaking, and its aftermaths."

Written with the detachment of historical perspective, it also reflects authority and the feeling of one who was Wilson's close associate and disciple throughout a turbulent period.

Hoover, now the Republicans' elder statesman, is writing about a Democratic White House predecessor. But there is no thought of partisanship here. "He was a man of staunch morals," Hoover relates. "He was more than just an idealist: He was the personification of the heritage of idealism of the American people. He brought spiritual concepts to the peace table."

It was there that Wilson ran into the Old World game of power politics. Placing his confidence in the League of Nations to right the peace treaty's wrongs, Wilson was forced to compromise again and again. As a final crushing blow, he was unable to gain Senate approval of even the watered-down treaty which resulted. This was Wilson's heartbreaking ordeal, described by a man who saw it happen.

Another unusual aspect of this book is that it gives fresh insights into Hoover's development as a statesman in his own right. In all, this is a scholarly, well-documented work, drawing on some materials previously not available to historians. It tells the human story of a statesman whose ideals were ahead of his time.

"Had Mr. Wilson lived two decades longer," Hoover summarizes, "he would have seen the seeds planted by the Old World statesmen at Versailles bring another, and even more terrible, world war . . . He would have seen the League concept rise again from this second blood bath of mankind under the name of the United Nations. The spirit of Woodrow Wilson came to the world again."

Remember **Norman Cousins'** tremendous *Litany for Modern Man* in TOGETHER [May, page 1]? If so, you'll warm to his *In God We Trust* (Harper, $5.95), where he has this to say of the men who started America on its way:

"The founders had a deep respect for the spiritual urge in man. They believed that religious experience was an intensely personal one . . . Not all the founders acknowledged a formal faith, but it was significant that their view of man had a deeply religious foundation. Rights were 'God-given'; man was 'endowed by his Creator'; there were 'natural laws' and 'natural rights'; freedom was related to the 'sacredness' of man."

And from that base he develops, by ample quotations, the structure of religious faith on which Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and their fellows erected this country. This is a book recommended to any American who wants to explore—as we all should—the depth of the bedrock of faith on which our nation is anchored.

Reading is so satisfying, for one thing, because of the surprise you find in odd bits of information you pick up. My own stockpile of lore went u greatly when I dug into **Peter Freu chen's** *The Arctic Year* (G. P. Pu nam's Sons, $5.95).

Published following the adventurer death the book was completed by **Fin Salomonsen,** a life-long student Arctic animal and plant life.

Among other things, I learned th the northernmost living human bein are some 250 members of the Pol Eskimo tribe. I also learned there a no Indians in the Arctic, which roughly the territory beyond the tr line surrounding the North Pole. Alt gether there are around a quarter of million inhabitants in this territory, b the true Eskimo differs in both race an culture from his brothers, the Alaska and Canadian Indian to the south.

Usually thought of for its samene the Arctic is actually a land of strikin contrasts. Freuchen's panorama of t year reveals many gems of lore.

It all makes me want to see for m self the beauty of the farthest Nort but thoughts of the winter blackne and the vastness of Greenland's 6,50 feet-thick icecap give me cold feet.

North and South, those guns a booming again! As the Civil War's ce tennial nears, publishers are firing v

Woodrow Wilson. *He took American idealism to the peace table—and ended up broken in health and in spirit.*

hes at reviewers so rapidly it's almost possible to keep up. Here's a quick ndown on some of the many excellent mbers to cross this desk recently:
Thunder at Harper's Ferry, by **Allan ller** (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), an hour-hour account of fanatical old John own's raid on that arsenal town; *ockade,* by **Robert Carse** (Rinehart,), a seaman-writer's story of the men d ships who matched wits at sea, and *hy the Civil War?* by **Otto Eisen-niml** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75), a con-versial work pivoting around the ntention that the war was not inevita-.. Also, two new volumes on the oft-ought battle of Gettysburg: *The ns at Gettysburg,* by **Fairfax owney** (McKay, $5), an artillery-in's appraisal of those fateful July ys, and *The Battle of Gettysburg,* by **ank Aretas Haskell** (Houghton ffin, $3.50), a Union officer's account the fighting. It's especially moving ause he helped hold the storm center the line, against which Pickett's brave nd futile—charge carried to death hopes of the Confederacy.

And from across the Atlantic comes British view of this greatest of all ggles within our borders. I've just shed Volume IV, *The Great Democ-ies,* of the **Winston S. Churchill** es, *A History of the English-Speak-Peoples* (Dodd, Mead, $6).
"Civilisation" is the word Sir Win-uses to characterize the 19th cen-y, when America and England erged as great democracies. "The eteenth century was a period of pur-eful, progressive, enlightened, tol-t civilisation."
t he might also have used the d "struggle," for this was the cen-of what he calls the "noblest and avoidable" of all great mass con-s up to its time—the Civil War.
great chunk of the volume is de-d to the North-South struggle over had become in the eyes of the d a moral issue. Churchill delights describing the intricacies of a mili-campaign, whether it be the blue the gray or the imperial armies of ope. His is an excellent nutshell re-v of the conflict that left the North debt, the South ruined, the entire ion bleeding but preserved.
ir Winston delights, too, in dealing h the ins and outs of British politics, viewpoint from which he has ap-ached his whole historical study.
s a Civil War buff, I enjoyed this k tremendously. But, being less well uainted with the history of England the Continent, I lost my way sev-times in the maze of names, places, events in the opening chapters.

"Women in the West" is the subtitle scholarly book by **Dee Brown** and er suggests its contents than its title,

Space Stars & Satellites

AND THERE WAS LIGHT *by Rudolf Thiel* (*Alfred A. Knopf, $6.95*). A readable story of adventure and discovery in astronomy, from stargazers of Babylon and China to modern astrophysicists. Probably the best and most extensive book of its kind. Full of anecdotes and human interest. The author, a 58-year-old German, worked six years on this one.

FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY *by Fred Hoyle* (*Mentor, 50¢*). The author, a Cambridge University professor, presents a revolutionary new view of the universe—and you'd better brush up on your mathematics if you intend to get the complete picture. But there's plenty here for a casual student. Mentor is to be commended for producing the paperback bargain book of recent months (317 pages, lavishly illustrated with drawings and photographs).

THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE *by George Gamow* (*Mentor, 50¢*). Not as detailed as Hoyle's book, but, like Hoyle, the author has his own theory of how our vast universe came into existence. You'll need more than geometry and algebra to understand the last half of this book, but earlier chapters have their lighter—and fascinating—moments. Says Gamow: "It took less than an hour to make the atoms, a few hundred million years to make the stars and planets, but three billion years to make man."

THE AMATEUR ASTRONOMER *by Patrick Moore* (*Norton, $4.50*). A must if you recently bought a telescope and like to get out under the stars. Explains the nature of the heavens, contains detailed star maps to guide you through the night skies. For both the beginner and experienced amateur observer.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ENERGY *by Lancelot Hogben* (*Garden City, $2.95*). An easily read, colorful book by the author of *The Wonderful World of Mathematics.* Traces and explains the bountiful sources of power that exist on the earth and throughout the universe. Suitable for youth and adult.

SPACE SATELLITE *by Lee Beeland and Robert Wells* (*Prentice-Hall, $2.95*). This little book is well illustrated by Jack Coggins who, along with such advanced artists as Chesley Bonestell, was drawing artificial moons and spaceships long before Sputnik, Explorer, and Vanguard.

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Ira S. Pimm, D.D., Box 45, Pennington, N. J.

The Gentle Tamers (Putnam's, $5). For the author is more preoccupied with the "soiled doves" and other lurid stereotypes of the West than with the home-founders who set up schools and churches in log cabins and sod shanties.

They were there, and in abundance, those God-fearing women. And by disposing of them in a scanty chapter on "Schoolmarms and Maternal Forces" he impugns his own scholarship. His seemingly studied inattention to "the gentle tamers" is curiously undercut by mention of two Methodist magazines still extant. One is the *Zion's Herald,* founded in 1823; the other is TOGETHER, known when it was used to paper walls of a schoolhouse in the 1870s as *The Christian Advocate,* originally founded in 1826.

Anna Maria Pittman, one of the first Methodist women mission teachers in Oregon Territory, was more afraid of marriage than of Indians. She took a gun from a brawling Indian without batting an eye, but waited three months before she gained courage to marry Jason Lee. Their marriage was the first Methodist ceremony in that area.

Ethel Erford Hewitt, author of *Into the Unknown* (Pageant, $3.50), has rich resources for her latest book. She uses them well in weaving the word fabric of pioneer life these early missionaries shared with the Indians. The good humor, courage, and undaunted spirits of these early settlers live on in the Pacific Northwest today.

A small devotional manual by **Thomas A. Stafford** has just come to my desk. Its title, *The Mind of Christ and Other Poems,* reveals the content—41 spiritual poems for use in the home and church devotions. This little collection, priced at 50 cents, is published by the General Board of Pensions of The Methodist Church, 740 Rush St., Chicago, 11, Ill.

Our youngsters welcome the end of school in a normal, rambunctious way. But come mid-July, they're off to the town library for the summer story hours and come straggling in an hour or so later with a couple of new books tucked underarm.

Some of this summer's new, good titles for the pre-teen years include:

The First Book of the Earth, by **O. Irene Sevrey** (Watts, $1.95), an earth history with wonderful drawings by **Mildred Waltrip;** *Snail Mail,* by **Ruth Torbert** (Hastings House, $2.50), light verse for children; *How Baseball Began in Brooklyn,* by **LeGrand** (Abingdon, $2), a story that's almost as much fun as a ball game; **Walt Disney's** *Andy Burnett* (Simon & Schuster, $1); *The First Book of Tropical Mammals,* by **Helen Hoke** (Watts, $1.95), an introduction to 29 unusual mammals, and *The Big Golden Book of Bible Stories* (Simon & Schuster, $1.95), 70 stories from Old and New Testaments.

One of the best dog stories in modern literature, *Swim for It, Bridget!,* by **Beatrix T. Moore** (Morrow, $2.50), first appeared five years ago in *Jack and Jill* magazine.

Set in the Chesapeake Bay region, where water dogs like Bridget are important family "people," this absorbing tale of planning and training for the big swim will grip the imagination of your six to ten-year-olds. The warm, sensitive drawings of **E. Harper Johnson** will be a continuing delight to the youngsters.

Every child who has trained a dog is sure to enjoy Swim for It, Bridget!

If you're a mother or babysitter these hot summer days and aren't blessed with an endless supply of original, creative ideas, you must cringe at the oft-repeated question, "What'll we do *now?*"

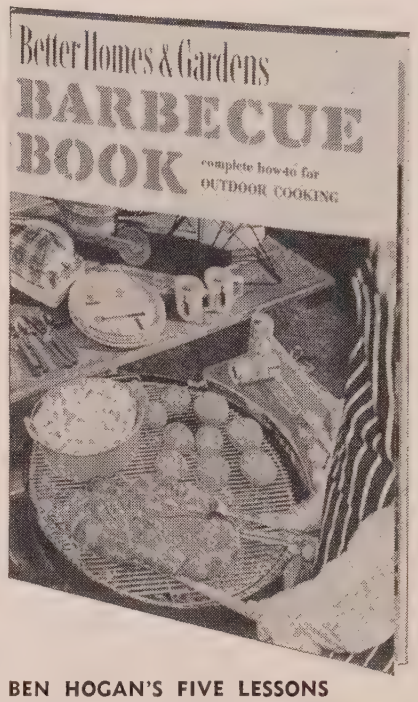
You'll find some useful answers in *Make It and Use It,* by **Bernice Wells Carlson** (Abingdon, $2.50). Although the book itself offers nothing unusually fresh in text or illustrations, it is easy to read and gives clear directions—both important to such a volume.

Older children (10 or up, I'd say) would probably enjoy and use such a book. Scout leaders and teachers would probably find it a great aid. It's not for Sunday-school teachers. Their needs are rather specialized and the class time available is too limited to permit use of many ideas from this little book.

In the days before oil was discovered beneath the sands at Kuwait, when pearl diving was the chief industry in this Arabian area on the Persian Gulf, **Dr. Eleanor T. Calverley** and her teacher-husband, Edwin, joined a tiny mission to the Muslims there. In *My Arabian Days and Nights* (Crowell, $2.95), Dr. Calverley tells of her early struggles in a region where women had never known medical care because modesty prevented their being attended by a male physician. These devoted Christians were scoffed at before they were accepted, tolerated before they were

WANT TO MAKE THIS A SUMMER YOU'LL REMEMBER?

Here are hints on how you can enjoy yourself at home or away!



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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE, by John Cheever *(Harper, $3.50).*

I am glad to write of another novel which I can be enthusiastic about and recommend unreservedly. The writing has that direct simplicity which always seems so easy and natural but is the sure mark of the great writer. It is the second-rater who fills his stuff with purple passages and artificial constructions. It is the difference between lodge rituals and *The Book of Common Prayer.*

The story itself will hold your interest right to the end. It has to do with a New England family and the life of a New England village. My wife thinks the author must be writing about a Connecticut village where we once lived. The two boys in the family do not stay at home but go to New York and Washington to find their way. But the center for them and everyone is this New England town.

Everybody in the story is real. I heard a man say one time that if you want to know whether a sculptor was religious, see how he has dealt with the part you are not likely to notice. I think there is a real point there and Mr. Cheever has not neglected even the most minor characters in the story. Everyone comes alive, not as symbols but as persons. I like the way he deals with the seamy side of life. For while he does not shut his eyes to it, he remarks that this is not to be a clinical book and he does not need to go into all the details.

I always stand in awe before a novel of this kind where every line and every word seems to be just right. Let us rejoice and be glad when such a book comes our way.

THE MACKEREL PLAZA, by Peter DeVries *(Little Brown, $3.75).*

I was all prepared to go overboard for this one after reading the first few pages. It has to do with a young minister who is an extreme liberal and I thought it was full of satire and humor, which many of you would not like but which appeals to sinners and bishops. Somehow, it never held up and I came to the conclusion that it was much ado about nothing. Most reviewers seem to disagree with this and think it is one of the most humorous novels of the year.

I do not object to having the ministry portrayed as full of weaknesses and inconsistencies. Oftentimes that fits us. I do not object when authors intimate preachers are not all saints. Few of us are. My objection to this book is that it seems to make the ministry futile and meaningless. The whole business turns out to make little sense. I must confess that there are some good laughs in it, but I found it far from the hilarious writing that some of the critics found it to be. Maybe I had been through a rough day when I read it, but this is the way the ball bounced when I dropped it.

ICE PALACE, by Edna Ferber *(Doubleday, $4.50).*

Why this ever became a best seller I shall never be able to understand. I had the feeling that I was at a puppet show with a not-too-clever manipulator pulling strings on wooden figures that had no will of their own. The author has picked out certain representative figures to make her point, but they are not human beings.

You will get some interesting information about Alaska and I have no doubt that some of the readers will be intrigued by this far-off and wonderful land. But, believe me, Alaska deserves something better than this. However, if you read the fiction of the pulp magazines you will be able to take this in your stride. I don't think it is quite as bad as TV commercials. But it is American fiction a little below the mediocre level and unless your taste has been hopelessly corrupted you won't be able to stand it.

loved. But the tiny, unequipped, one-room, no-bed hospital grew under Dr. Calverley's care into a small, modern hospital with a meager but dedicated staff.

After 20 years in the mission the Calverleys, home on furlough, were not to see the little city again for several years. Returning, they found it the center of a flourishing oil industry which boasts modern schools, a well-staffed hospital, and—best of all—acceptance of general education for girls.

I look forward to each day's mail for several reasons. The first-class mail often bears a comment or suggestion from our good Methodist readers, and the book mail carries to my desk the eagerly awaited grist for my reading mill. I would make no move to cut down on either, but would like to clarify a question that keeps recurring. Any book you see mentioned in these columns can be obtained through your nearest Methodist Publishing House at the price listed here. They pay the postage.

Consult the ad on page 53 to see which one is located nearest you. And do continue to write me—I count on your comments as a guide in choosing titles worthy of review.

Titles are the bugaboo of the publishing business. Experts labor long—and sometimes with futility. I suppose that's what may have happened in the case of *Dangerous Fathers, Problem Mothers, and Terrible Teens,* by **Carlyle Marney** (Abingdon, $2). But please don't let the title mislead you. This is one of the finest books I've ever read in the field of helping each member of the family understand himself and those with whom he shares a home.

The author establishes one important fact at the outset: "Family training never can rise above family character," then adds, "Character is the thing. If it is bad it will always reveal itself, even in the most plush circumstances. If it is good, it will always demonstrate itself as good, even in the poorest surroundings. Character is the thing. A family in its training never can rise beyond its character."

If you liked *Honesty Comes on Tiptoes* [February, page 45], this is for you!

It is too bad **Kenneth Roberts** did not live to read the proofs of his last book, *The Battle of Cowpens* (Doubleday, $3.50). He was a master of historical fiction and would, I believe, have been distressed at the inaccuracies of this book.

However, if you want to broaden your general knowledge of Revolutionary War history you may enjoy Roberts' portrayal of the Cowpens action. It is a classic in our military annals. The bat-

ntered into by the British Regulars
r Col. Banastre Tarleton as just
ner skirmish to be won with ease,
d instead to a bloody defeat at the
s of the outnumbered Continentals
ig. Gen. Daniel Morgan.
pure Roberts in flavor and zest,
Roberts in historical accuracy.

mily Fun and Activities, by **Mar-t E. Mulac** (Harper, $3.95), has lated the Barnabas family to ex-ent in several new ventures.
e've constructed our first sundial erial: One broom handle cut to ; had our first Sunday-morning fast cookout in our own back and spent an exciting half hour graphing clouds as they built up real summer storm.
nnie says she expects this fine book elp answer the problem of occupy-er leisure hours—an increasingly one as summer wears on.

"Why can't you ask questions like other little boys do?"

you go for comedy, as I do? Then enjoy *Eight Great Comedies* American Library, 50¢). It places han two centuries of great com-within your grasp. Beginning Aristophanes' *The Clouds,* the editors—**Sylvan Barnet, Mor-erman,** and **William Burto**—he development of the comedy omplete texts to G. B. Shaw's *and the Man.* Editors' comments beginning of each do much to the comedies.
selection is superb. Also included iachiavelli's *Mandragola,* Shake-e's *Twelfth Night,* Molière's *The* . Gay's *The Beggar's Opera,* e's *The Importance of Being st,* and Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya.* pleted the book with a feeling of plishment and delight.

ding **Rebecca West's** *The Court the Castle* (Yale, $3.75) is like on a literary tour.
th brilliant insight, Miss West s moral and political issues as ed by writers ranging from speare through Goethe, Chekhov, Dickens, to Virginia Woolf, Proust,

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"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A five-year-old girl was asked by the minister how many children were in her family.

She replied, "Seven."

The minister observed that so many children must cost a lot.

"Oh, no," the child replied. "We don't buy 'em, we raise 'em."

—Mrs. John Elwell, *Wichita, Kan.*

A 10-year-old lad was asked by his mother what he had learned at Sunday school. "Well," he said, "our teacher told us about when God sent Moses behind the enemy lines to rescue the Israelites from the Egyptians. When they came to the Red Sea, Moses called for the engineers to build a pontoon bridge. After they had all crossed, they looked back and saw the Egyptian tanks coming. Moses radioed headquarters on his walkie-talkie to send bombers to blow up the bridge and saved the Israelites.

"Bobby!" exclaimed his mother. "Is that really the way your teacher told you that story?"

"Well, not exactly," Bobby admitted. "But if I told it her way, you'd never believe it."

—Mrs. Lorene Ireland, *Mount Vernon, Mo.*

A woman who had lost her husband years before received this letter from her young granddaughter:

"Dear Grandma, Today I learned at school that you are a widow. Did you know that?"

—Merle Zane Bagley, *Redlands, Calif.*

The new minister was a bachelor, and when he helped himself to the biscuits for the third time he looked across the table at the hostess' small daughter. She was staring at him with round eyes.

"I don't often have such a good supper as this, my dear," he told her.

"We don't either," said the little girl. "I'm glad you came."

—Mrs. Joseph C. Fry, *Ronceverte, W.Va.*

When we took our four-year-old son to a wedding at our church, he sat there quietly, taking in every detail. Presently there was a hush as the organist began to play and the minister, bridegroom, and four attendants came from the side room to the altar. As they filed out, my son whispered, "Mom, does she get to take her pick?"

—Mrs. Gerald M. Cowan, *Roanoke, Ind.*

When the Sunday-school teacher asked her class what they were thankful for, one little fellow replied, "My glasses."

He explained, "They keep the boys from fighting me and the girls from kissing me."

—Naomi Remy, *Salt Lake City, Utah.*

A Sunday-school teacher was examining her pupils after a series of lessons on God's omnipotence. She asked, "Is there anything God can't do?"

There was silence. Finally, one lad held up his hand. The teacher, disappointed that the lesson's point had been missed, asked resignedly, "Well, just what is it that God can't do?"

"Well," replied the boy. "He can't please everybody."

—D. C. Jennings, *Emporia, Kan.*

At the last moment, a minister was asked to preach a funeral sermon for another minister who had suddenly become ill.

Realizing he had forgotten to ask if the deceased had been a man or woman, he frantically tried to catch a mourner's eye. Finally succeeding, he pointed to the casket and whispered, "Brother or sister?"

"Cousin," came the faint reply.

—Judy Sharpe, *Timberville, Va.*

Trying to work up interest in the lesson, the Sunday-school teacher asked her class how Noah spent his time on the ark. Getting no response, she added, "Do you suppose he did a lot of fishing?"

"What?" asked little Freddie. "With only two worms?"

—Mrs. E. L. Shryock, *Ludlow, Ky.*

"Say, Dad, did you go to Sunday school when you were a boy?"

"Yes, Son, regularly."

"Well, I bet it won't do me any good either."

—Rev. Wm. K. Webb, *Confluence, Pa.*

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and James Joyce. The moderns, she
dicates, are close to Shakespeare
their outlook; they believe the indiv
ual will is responsible for its relati
ship to God. The 18th and 19th-centu
authors largely believed that man's s
vation was through organized socie

The volume is based on a series
lectures delivered by the English jo
nalist at Yale. It's an exciting book
but don't tackle it unless you're p
pared to work.

I watched our 10-year-old as
sprawled on his back in the sunshi
yard, gazing intently into the clou
fleeced sky. Suddenly, he flopped ov
on his stomach and remained quiet.

"What goes on?" I asked.

"I'm exploring the back yard on r
stomach," he explained. "That's wh
the book says to do."

"The book" turned out to be *Scien
in Your Own Back Yard,* by **Elizabe
K. Cooper** (Harcourt, Brace, $3),
lucid a work for the junior scienti
explorer as I've read in many a da
The author points out that one needs
go to forest, swamp, or tropics to stu
nature. You'll find many wonders
your own back yard—spiders, flowe
ants, grass, stones, earthworms, an
overhead, stars, clouds, and birds.

Meanwhile, our boy has an a
colony in a fruit jar. He keeps the j
covered with paper until he wants
show off his busy little friends.

Somewhere, I once read a fanta
about a man who built a dam at t
bottom of the ocean. The dam stopp
the flow of the Gulf Stream near t
coast of the British Isles. Within a fe
weeks the islands had been reduced
an Eskimo land.

The Gulf Stream, of course, is t
mighty a current of warm water to
balked by any man-made dam. Ju
how mighty it is, and how its influen
has affected Europe, is told by **Ha
Leip** in *River in the Sea* (Putna
$3.75). The book covers an enormo
range of data, anecdotes, and leger
relating to the Gulf Stream.

This one's for the reader who lo
the sea.

Tales Merry and Wise (Holt, $
is a collection of original Italian fo
tales which have been handed do
through many generations by word
mouth. **Rose Laura Mincieli,** w
heard them first at her grandmothe
knee, has finally recorded them for
the world to enjoy.

These tales express simple beliefs,
the wonders of life, beliefs which
plain the why and wherefore and co
duct of life. Their origins lie in t
region of Bari on the Adriatic Sea, a
Miss Mincieli has translated them wi
out losing the Italian flavor.

—Barnar

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith

Must I kneel when I pray?

Of course not—and the statement that we need "more kneeology and less theology" is mere wisecracking. But humility is a "must" in conversation with God. So the Bible describes David urging his people to kneel, and Daniel standing on his knees three times a day, and Peter on his knees when he asked God to heal Tabitha. And Paul could write to the Philippians, "At the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

What is our belief on remarriage?

Remembering Matthew 22:30, in which Jesus said that "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage," The Methodist Church does not frown on the remarriage of widows and widowers. The Methodist Church agrees to the remarriage of divorcees only under definite restrictions. No minister is authorized to solemnize the marriage of a divorced person whose husband and or wife is living and unmarried, unless the person asking to be married is "the innocent person when it is clearly established by competent testimony that the true cause for divorce was adultery or other vicious conditions which through mental or physical cruelty or physical peril invalidated the marriage vow." (This is from *The Discipline,* paragraph 356.)

Of course, divorced persons wanting to remarry each other have the blessing of the church. And there is a strong emphasis on education for marriage both before and after the ceremony.

Where are our loved ones after death?

A minister, posing this question, refers back to the TOGETHER article *Where Are Our Loved Ones After Death?,* by Norman Vincent Peale [March, page 9]. He thinks the sick woman, facing a serious operation, needed something other than the assurance that, if she died, she would be reunited with her son killed in the war. She needed the will to live and the knowledge that, if she didn't, God would offer her great new blessings even more valuable than the reunion with loved ones she was hoping for.

That's it! Our puny knowledge of God's love leads us to think that we will see and enjoy again those we have loved and lost awhile, but the Bible nowhere promises it. Joys infinitely greater will be ours—with the Father in the Father's house.

What kind of bodies we shall have, whether we'll be able to see and hear, taste and smell, as we do now is beside the point. Paul grows lyrical about these matters, but he does not answer our specific questions in those glorious passages: 1 Corinthians 15:35-58 and 2 Corinthians 5:1-10.

He does make clear that, in the midst of these unfathomable mysteries, we shall have the kind of bodies we need—not bodies destroyed and put together again, repaired and remodeled, but glorified bodies suited to life with God.

Dr. T. Otto Nall is editor of The New Christian Advocate, *a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute, and the author of several books, the latest of which is* The Bible When You Need It Most (*Reflection Book, Association Press*).

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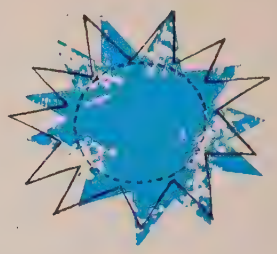


For Fun in the Sun . . .

Have an Ice-cube Race

HERE'S something your whole family will enjoy on a hot summer afternoon—an ice-cube race! First, line up the players and give each one a table knife. Then put four ice cubes on the ground in front of each player. Directly opposite them, about six feet away, place a small jar. When "go" is called, each player picks up one ice cube with his knife and walks toward his jar, trying to keep the ice cube on his knife. When he gets there, he slides the ice cube into the jar and hurries back to the starting line for another cube. If a player drops his ice cube, he must stop and pick it up with his knife.

The race is over when one player gets all his cubes in his jar—or when all the ice cubes have melted!

Ask a grownup to supervise your ice-cube race and to help you make the rules: "Don't run with your knife," "No fair slipping ice cubes down other players' backs!" and so on. And if you have little brothers and sisters who want to race, too, let them use spoons to carry their ice cubes.

Sailboats like these are simple to make. They are bright and sparkly—and lots of fun to sail on sunny afternoons!

Build Boats to Float

AHOY there, matey! It's fun to float boats and it's even more fun when you make them yourself! You can invent your own models from corks, old sponges, or small pieces of wood—or you can make sailboats as the boy and girl in the picture did. Here's all you have to do: First, cut the base for your boat out of heavy corrugated cardboard. For an extra-sturdy boat, cut two bases the same size and glue them together. Whichever base you choose, you next wrap it snugly in aluminum foil and seal all openings with cellophane tape.

Now poke a little hole for the mast, part way through the front of the base. A lollypop stick makes a fine mast (of course, you have to eat the lollypop first). Just dip one end in strong glue and stick it in the hole. Then glue a bright paper sail to the lollypop mast and your boat is ready to sail the seas—in your back-yard pool or a big washtub!

'ith goofy goggles, boys and girls can see everything from purple brothers to green skies! Why not make a pair for you?

lake Goofy Goggles

WANT to see your sister turn purple—or reen—or some other color? Just make your-lf a pair of goofy sun goggles!

To make these silly spectacles, first draw ur design on a small box or a piece of light-eight cardboard. Then cut out the goggles and y them on for size. You may have to do more tting to make them fit over your nose just ht and to get the eyeholes big enough to see rough easily.

After you are all through cutting, paint your ggle frames with the brightest paints you ve—the fancier the better! When the paint as dried, you are ready to put colored cello-hane "lenses" in your specs. Perhaps Mom ill know if you have some colored cellophane round the house, maybe in a box of old Easter Christmas wrappings. Otherwise, you may ant to buy some at the five and ten cent store. ape a piece under each eyehole of your gog-es and trim off the extra cellophane.

Now your goofy sun goggles are finished! Put em on and look around outside. Everything ill seem to be a new color—even sisters and rothers and you!

Fix 'Rainbow Coolers'

ASK Mom if you can make "rainbow coolers" (yummy, two-toned ice cubes) some morning. Just mix—separately—two flavors of your favorite fruit ade. Half fill an ice-cube tray with one flavor. Put the tray back in the freezing compartment and leave it until the fruit ade has completely frozen. Then fill the tray up with the other flavor and freeze it again.

By afternoon, your "rainbow coolers" will be ready to eat. Put two or three in a glass and take them outside to eat while you sit on the grass or a blanket. And if you take your glass back inside when you're through, Mom might let you make "rainbow coolers" again sometime!

Engulfed, but wisely tolerant, a mother describes her youngsters' day-to-day hobby adventures as they happened. There's never a dull moment in her household, she says, for . . .

Our Home is on

HOBB

By MARJORIE J. BURRESS

"Dear Kim," the card had said, "come soon and pick up your box of feathers at the zoo administration office."

I CALL IT *The Case of the Used Cocoon*. It was the most recent hobby adventure of our family of five—myself, my husband, and our three children.

The story began over a year ago after the school hobby fair when Janet, our 10-year-old collector of post cards, decided to start a new hobby—something out of the ordinary. It was to be a nature collection, so throughout the summer she gathered dried seeds, nuts, pine cones, sycamore balls, buckeyes, and all manner of dry plant life.

By vacation time in August we were all so interested in Janet's hobby that Daddy even waded out into a swampy spot in Ontario and pulled cattails for her. During the Halloween season she added Indian corn and gourds.

Then, when a warm, springlike day brightened the Christmas holidays, Janet and Kim, our eight-year-old who collects buttons and feathers, set out for the woods with Grandpa to hunt specimens. They found a fallen bird's nest, milkweed pods, velvety green moss—and a strange-looking "used" cocoon. Janet gently placed each one on soft cotton in the "nature boxes" which held her growing collection. Knowing that the hobby show wouldn't be around until March, she labeled and tucked away her collection on the topmost part of the bedroom bookshelf.

One evening a short time later, while sitting in the living room with my husband and 14-year-old son, Rod, we heard Kim, upstairs, call:

"Janet, come see! There are five little bugs on our bedspread!"

Looking at my husband, I said, "It's not the time for April Fool jokes, but I hope she's teasing."

In a moment, down the stairs both girls bounded. "Hurry," they shouted, "there are funny little bugs on our bedspread!"

Knowing I'd thoroughly cleaned and aired their room that day, I assured them the strange "grasshopperish" bugs had come through the open window and would not harm. We cleared the room of insects and the girls went to sleep. The subject was forgotten—but only until morning.

"Mother, there are more little bugs on the bottom of the bookshelf!" Kim, our early riser, greeted me.

I looked long and questioningly at the open shelves. Where could these strange little things have come from? Then, in a nature box on the top shelf I found my answer. Opening it, I saw many of the insects—and realized they were baby praying mantes. My first thought was that the eggs had been laid in the most recently acquired milkweed pods. Then my eye caught sight of the "used" cocoon. That ended the mystery; there was the "nursery" they were coming from!

Rod exclaimed, "Golly, I wish I'd known what was in that cocoon! I'd have taken it to biology class."

The praying-mantis incident gave us something to laugh about. But we've had lots of fun, too, with Kim's feather collection. She began it by picking up tiny bird feathers on her way to school. At first we paid little attention, but soon noticed in the desk drawer some sparrow and cardinal feathers, one from a blue jay, and a yellow one, which we concluded was from a wild canary. She added chicken, parakeet, and turkey feathers, and by then it was obvious she had started a hobby completely on her own. My former college roommate pleased her by sending a mockingbird feather from Florida.

A chattering squirrel is just an annoying pest to many grownups—but to the author's youngsters, he's an everyday back-yard chum.

LLEY

Competition and fun are found at the school's annual hobby fair. Last year Kim won a ribbon for her feather collection; this year she exhibited buttons.

the thought occurred: Why t we get some feathers at the Ve often had seen beautiful birds nd knew that birds of every sta- rom the proud peacock down to ly sparrow, lose feathers. We ed a short letter—Kim signed he Keeper of Birds, Cincinnati nd asked if he would save us st feathers when he cleaned the Kim hurriedly stamped and he letter in the corner mailbox. days she had her answer, a post m the zoo.

r Kim," it read, "come soon and your box of feathers at the ministration office."

Next Sunday was a beautiful autumn day—just right for traveling to a zoo to pick up bird feathers. The box was much larger than we anticipated, the feathers more numerous, and the colors beautiful. Since none was labeled, a family contest ensued, with each of us trying to identify which feather came from which bird. The ostrich, emu, and peacock we were certain of; the wild turkey and duck, not difficult to recognize. But many unidentified feathers, of every color in the rainbow, Kim added to her collection. They were neatly taped to the insides of cardboard boxes which, when displayed, open out flat, and when closed stack neatly on the big bedroom shelves. How proud Kim was of the ribbon she won for her feathers at the school's hobby show!

The competition and stimulation offered by the school hobby fair is good for the children. However, we've never failed to stress that they must learn to win or lose graciously, that hobbies provide enjoyment all year, and that the show gives them an opportunity to share their collections with schoolmates.

Hobby-fair time is coming again soon. In preparation, Kim made the rounds of our neighbors last month with her button collection and swelled its size considerably. Her special buttons with "diamonds" in them, she has separated in a corner away from the common, everyday variety.

Current fascination of Rod is coins. He's recruited all our relatives to be on the lookout and has distributed special lists to each to watch for pennies he needs, such as 1909S VDB, 1914D, and 1931S. Half the fun of making his monthly newspaper-route collections is looking at the dates on coins. Many nickles and dimes have found their way into his blue coin folders and we can't say, "Your hobby is too expensive." He's never broke!

Several years ago, postmarks were his chief indoor pastime. We struck on the idea of using double postal cards and writing to postmasters in such towns as Peculiar, Mo., Bird in Hand, Pa., Pointblank, Tex., and What Cheer, Iowa. He asked the postmaster to postmark the return card and, in a few lines, tell how the town got its unusual name. By the time the replies began to roll in, the rest of us were as interested as Rod.

Every postmaster sent a bit of himself on each card. We couldn't help but be amazed at their friendliness. One wrote that hearing from Rod, another Ohioan, brought back memories of his days as assistant postmaster in Oxford, Ohio. Then he told how Truth or Consequences, N.M., was named.

Janet isn't the only one whose hobby has produced offspring. Rod caused a sensation last summer with his three-

mmer Rod posed for a snapshot big king snake around his neck to show he wasn't afraid of it.

Name Your Hobby

BIBLE VERSES: Mrs. O. F. Moore, 42 Washington Blvd., Oak Park, Ill.

BIRD WATCHING: Mrs. John Bottleman, Northwood, Iowa.

BUTTONS: Mrs. O. F. Kattner, Box 252, Fredericksburg, Tex.

CHESS BY MAIL: Walter Wright, Monrovia, Calif.

CHURCH BULLETINS: Roy Bailey, 625 Rainey St., Burlington, N.C.; Beverly Morse, Manson, Wash.; Roy L. Vehling, 1902 Eisenhower Dr., Speedway 24, Ind.; Mrs. Chester Bostick, Belmont, Miss.; Mrs. Clifford Tremblay, 1312 Ash St., Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Jessie Yost, Trinity Methodist Church, Fifth and Elm Streets, Grand Island, Neb. (prefers unfolded, unprinted).

COIN SAVINGS BANKS: Ulin M. Davis, Burr Oak, Kan.; Judy Turner, Box 305, Mason, W. Va.

COPPER ENAMELING: Mrs. Edwin C. Erichson, 225 Columbia Ave., Pitman, N.J.

CROSSES: Mrs. Paul B. Maxwell, 239 Walnut Ave., Lakeside, Ohio; Mrs. Embert Potter, 14 Clayton Ave., Methuen, Mass.

CUPS & SAUCERS: Mrs. C. A. Gilbaugh, R. 2, Fairmont, Minn. (china).

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT: Mrs. R. W. Weathersby, 815 Greenwood Ave., Clarksville, Tenn.

GENEALOGY: Mrs. J. Whitehead, 3212 N. El Vista Ave., Peoria, Ill. (Woodward, Holloway, Woodard); Percy D. Leonard, 560 Winsted Rd., Torrington, Conn. (Leonard, Learned, Learnard, Larnard, Larned, Lerned); Amy V. Holbruner, 612 Venable Ave., Baltimore 18, Md. (Jackson, Patterson, Kiefer, Keefer, Favorite, Bultzell); Mrs. Harry L. Easter, 209 NE Seventh St., Abilene, Kan. (Haynes, Kenney, Kennedy, Morris, Fernbaugh, May, McCoy, Pound, Kester, Cover, Newcomer, Craig, Martin).

Mrs. Robert Struble, 2086 Pound Dr., Flint 4, Mich. (Slosser, Smith, Marden, Greenfield); Billy B. Grimes, Oakdale Dr., Hohenwald, Tenn. (Grimes); Mrs. C. Howard Sellen, RD 1, Homer, N.Y. (Sellen, Vunk, Hegeman, Jennison); Mrs. L. R. Browning, South O'Brien Rd., Seymour, Ind. (Applegate, Sutton, Brown, Linsey, Schmidt, Milton); Mrs. Lewis F. Peterson, RD 2, Clymer, N.Y. (Whitney, Leavitt); Mrs. Richard A. Greer, Henderson, N.Y. (Greer, Van Epps, Beeman).

Mrs. Ione Getscher, 4 Skyline Dr., Hamburg, Iowa (Tipton, King, Pohl, Reitzel, Weigle, Sheets, Kirch); Mrs. Seth Harding, R. 2, Box 158, Willmar, Minn. (Harding, Rogers); Grace Banks Merchant, 1013 Nuttman Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind. (McMaken, Ruch, Lopshire, Banks, Combs, Edwards, Merchant, Conn, Warr); Mrs. Richard Behmer, 611 E. Winter, Greenville, Ill. (Behmer, Boehmer, Curran, Horn, Allen); Mrs. Walter E. Huffaker, 1023 Melbourne Ave. NE, Knoxville 17, Tenn. (Huffaker, Cate, Cates, Jones, Stata); Mrs. R. F. Pratt, 7925 SE 35th Ave., Portland 2, Ore. (Walker, Yaw, Stark, Stafford).

Mrs. Laura Ivy Neill, General Delivery, Water Valley, Tex. (Nash, Reynolds, Ivy, Earp, Arp, Mullins); Mrs. James Adams, 426 W. Broadway, Madisonville, Ky. (Boothe, Melton, Wallace, McGaw, Paris, Gass); Phil Aspinwall, 1185 18th St., Salem, Ore. (Aspinwall); Mrs. L. T. Robinson, Merrifield, Minn. (Fraser, Thew, Robinson, Webb, Siddall, McCallum); Mrs. James W. Grant, 1037 Marshall Ave., Bellwood, Ill. (Grant, Dillon, Smith, Coffin, Morrison, Kent, Somerby, Nowell).

HYMNALS: Mrs. G. Dwane Dansberger, 2102 E. 33rd St., Tucson, Ariz.

LINCOLNIANA: Mrs. James D. McClary, Stockland, Ill.

MEDALS: Richard S. Dodge, 96 Lincoln Ave., Gardiner, Me.

PENCILS: Zeno Bennett, R. 4, Box 219, Richmond, Ind. (lead); Earl George, 37 S. 12th St., Quakertown, Pa.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS: R. P. Hopkins, 1139 N. Fifth Ave., Tucson 10, Ariz. (pre-1939).

PICTURES: Mrs. O. R. Nutter, 753 Chenoweth Dr., Akron 19, Ohio (of churches).

PITCHERS: Mrs. Carrie Chaboudy, Box 465, South Webster, Ohio.

PLATES: Miss Ferne E. Kottler, 817 Rohrerstown Rd., Rohrerstown, Pa. (church).

POETRY: Mrs. E. W. Parrish, Sr., R. 1, Box 180, Worthington, W.Va.

POST CARDS: Allen Helderman, RR 2, Wheatland, Ind.; Larry Brooks, Wallowa, Ore.; Kathleen Brooks, Wallowa, Ore.; Mrs. Myrtle F. Cisney, Walker Methodist Home, 3701 Bryant Ave. S., Minneapolis 9, Minn. (churches); Mrs. C. Vance Hickerson, 2514 Nolensville Rd., Nashville 11, Tenn. (state maps, capitols).

POSTMARKS: Mrs. Allan M. Jackson, RR 2, Kankakee, Ill.; Mrs. H. J. Klousia, R. 2, Goldfield, Iowa; Mrs. Edwin C. Hickok, RD 2, Troy, Pa.

ROCKS: Beverly Stockton, 228 Fergerson Park, North Syracuse, N.Y.

RUGS: Mrs. I. G. Torry, Cherokee, Iowa (hooked).

SEA SHELLS: Mrs. Fred Ernest, 2103 Wyandotte, Lakewood 7, Ohio.

SPECTACLES: James F. Dickson, Jr., 141 S. Mirage, Box 928, Lindsay, Calif. (antique).

STAMPS: Mrs. Nathiel Benson, 25730 Walker St., San Bernardino, Calif.; Mrs. Jean Kirchner, 803 W. Hickory, Tullahoma, Tenn.; Mark Heinemann, 12219 Gregory St., Blue Island, Ill.; Robert G. Dasse, 20 Capitol Ave., Meriden, Conn.

TOYS: Mrs. M. Metzaer, 604 Hermann Ave., Myrtle Point, Ore. (stuffed); Mrs. Harry B. Yarnall, Beverly, Ohio.

TROPICAL FISH: Jack R. Philips, RR 4, Kirksville, Mo.; Art Beahm, RR 2, Spencer, Wis.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Barbara Smith (17), 68 Barnum St., Taunton, Mass.; Roberta Jewell (15), 714 Middle St., Bath, Me.; Ardis Stryker (12), Rising City, Neb.; Mona Simpson (13), 301 W. Spring St., Titusville, Pa.; Kit Marshall (11), 160 Edgemoor Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.; Lea Beasley (14), Box 20, Stuart, Va.; Paulette Ackerman (11), 2087 Riverside Dr., South Williamsport, Pa.

Linda Brodrib (16), 31 Prospect St., Thompsonville, Conn.; Margaret Bryant (14), R. 3, Edmonton, Ky.; Colleen Anderson (12), Mabel, Minn.; Marilyn Turk (14), 1928 Wood St., La Crosse, Wis.; Charlotte Lantz (13), 204 DeGroff Ave., Archbold, Ohio; Barbara Tegeler (14), 621 Moen St., Rhinelander, Wis.; Lois George (14), Bohannon, Va.; Nancy Palmer (14), RR 1, Janesville, Wis.; John C. Deal (11), R. 3, Kenton, Ohio.

Ruth (14) and Phyllis (15) Morell, 505 W. South St., Nokomis, Ill.; Justine White (12), 1600 Ave. E, Hawarden, Iowa; Sharon Willis (14), Parkview Heights, Bluefield, Va.; Virginia Bannister (15), Ringsted, Iowa; Delores Bachman (15), 1717 N. Chamberlain Ave.; Chattanooga 6, Tenn.; Kathy Van Alstyne (14), S. Cooper St., Beverly, N.J.; Liz Bruck (17), 229 Massachusetts Ave., Providence 5, R.I.

Linda L. Smith (8), RR 1, Box 210, Janesville, Wis.; Mary K. Wills (12), RD 2, Box 150, Egg Harbor City, N.J.; Raymond Lumbroso (18), 12 Rue St. Charles 12, Tunis-Tunisie, North Africa; Tatsuo Yamauchi (for junior high-school boys, 12-15), Nagoya Gakuin, Dai-ko-cho, Higashi-ku, Nagoya, Japan.

Sue Schwein (14), 719 Parallel St., Atchison, Kan.; Lola Marie Baker (15), R. 1, Mt. Sterling, Ohio; Kathleen Jacox (11), Box 959, Thousand Island Park, N.Y.; Judith Tannehill (15), Box 45, Turtle Lake, N.D.; Pamela Mayer (10), 8 Cleveland St., Enderlin, N.D.; Jacquie Cope (15), Silliman St., New Waterford, Ohio; Julia Smithson (12), Eagleville, Tenn.; Joan Bailey (14), 2727 Barthas Pl., Cincinnati 39, Ohio; Linda Kah (14), RR 1, Botkins, Ohio; Diana Noble (16), 413 Worden Ave., Ladysmith, Wis.

Linda Dukes (12), RR 2, Box 7, Bluffton, Ohio; Sandra Gassner (14), 52½ W. Hartford St., Ashley, Pa.; James Francis (14), 44 Buckeye Rd., Glen Cove, N.Y.; Carol Hawk (13), 917 Oak St., Wasco, Calif.; Lynda Hefflinger (17), RR 5, Napoleon, Ohio; Dick Chelf (14), Kremlin, Okla.; Edward Wells (13), Kremlin, Okla.; Chelsey Furrow (13), 623 N. 6th, Enid, Okla.; Charles Leblo (14), 105 E. Market, Enid, Okla.; Carolyn Colson (12), R. 2, Montrose, Mo.; Dorothy Thatcher (10), RR 1, Winnebago, Minn.; Yo Matsuoka (16), 107 Takasago-cho, Katusika-ku, Tokyo, Japan; Jane Gutknecht (13), Lone Rock, Wis.; Audrey Rhodes (13), 170 Lancaster St., Cohoes, N.Y.

foot garden snake. As a Boy Scout, was working for his reptile merit bad which required that he observe a sn over a period of time. He had buil screened cage for housing the snake advance, long before he captured it brought it home—against some fa hearted misgivings on my part whic discovered, were unjustified.

When the time of our vacation approached, I assumed that the snak Oscar, by name—would be returned the woods. I was wrong. It seemed t Rod's friend Butch was also a rep badge candidate and, needing a sna was most happy to look after R while we were away.

Returning home 12 days later, were met by an excited young fri from up the street. He had news for Rod's snake had had 20 babies! S our next-door neighbor came over verify this with a clipping from Cincinnati newspaper. Seems Bu overwhelmed when he discovered cage filled with baby snakes, phoned the zoo to ask what to f them—and the zoo in turn phoned the story to the paper. In emergency, quick-thinking Butch changed the snake's name from Os to Marianne. Do you think Rod Butch earned their merit badges?

AS PARENTS, we admit it takes tra work to keep up with our childr collections. Besides, if we didn't h and encourage them, we'd have em spaces on the book shelves. But perh you've guessed by now that we par are avid hobbyists, too. After acquir a few sea shells we were bitten hard the shell-collecting bug—so hard we planned a trip to Florida just comb the beach for shells. My husb recently took up slide photography not long ago I dusted off my old alb and revived an enthusiasm for sta collecting. The subject of bells nov attracting our attention because o small Christmas gift—a bell of Sarn we received from a friend.

Yesterday Kim came home f Grandma's displaying a big bouque pussy willows. "Well," I said, "I s pose it'll be safe to bring that in you're certain it won't hatch into b kittens."

Then today I answered the door to find our postman with a pack from Florida for Janet from my col roommate. It's labeled, "Please Do Crush." A pretty safe guess is tha has seed pods for the nature collect And just in time! The hobby fair is four days away.

Yes, ours is a household of hobby and that means lots of extra work many inconveniences. But I woul have it any other way. Just think of almost limitless number of stories v have for our grandchildren!

Passers-by can see Protestants at prayer in the modern chapel of the Protestant Pavilion (above).

Mrs. Theodore O. Wedel, Washington, D.C. (below), Charles C. Parlin, Methodist layman from New Jersey, are co-chairmen of the U.S. committee for the pavilion.

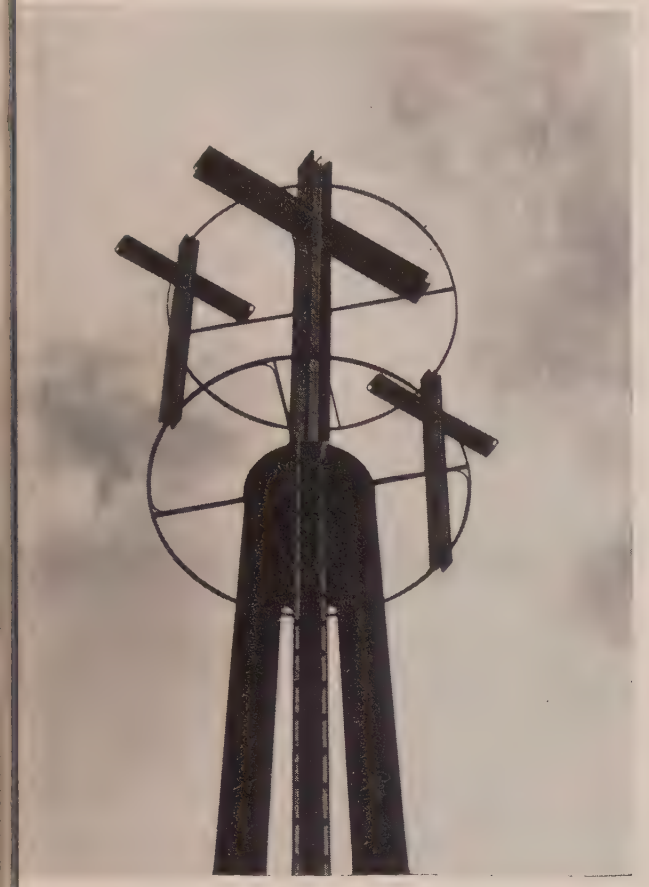
Protestant Pavilion

AS YOU READ THIS, thousands of American Protestants are thronging the Brussels International Exhibition and, amid the space-age spectaculars, finding something special and inspiring—the Protestant Pavilion. It is especially interesting to Methodists, for a leading Methodist layman, Charles C. Parlin of Englewood, New Jersey, helped spark the fund raising, and Methodists around the world contributed to the eye-catching aluminum and glass pavilion—American Methodists gave $10,000. It cost $235,000 and is modest alongside the mammoth Catholic "City of God." But architects call it one of the best-designed buildings at the fair. It will be used as a Protestant center when the fair closes in October.

Beside the Protestant Pavilion looms the 330-foo
symbol of the fair, the Atomium. It is designed to represent the atomi
structure of an iron crystal enlarged 160 billion times. Th
mosaic of Christ teaching the peoples of the world is shown (above) o
the pavilion's ecumenical and exhibit hall, and was designed by Peter Siebold
Swiss sculptor. Siebold is shown at work on the Christ figure (below)

Sign of unity. This World Council of Churches symbol appears on posters and pavilion literature. It signifies world outreach and Christian co-operation.

These hands closed in prayer, a photographic ral, are symbolic of this year's fair, in which religion plays a bigger part than at any previous world's fair. Dr. V. G. Thonger, superintendent of The Methodist Church, gium, shown here, had a big part in starting the Pavilion.



e crosses, outlined against the sky, top 55-foot pylon (above) of the Protestant Pavilion. rican Protestants crowd the chapel (below) for day services, conducted by pastors from each of the language groups—French, German, English, Dutch. ge brass cross dominates one wall of the el. Building materials came from many countries.

NEWS of the world parish

CONFERENCES TACKLE WORLD, LOCAL ISSUES

With 97 of the 100 Methodist Annual Conference sessions behind them, church leaders now are taking new looks at vital world, national, and local issues.

Many conferences have condemned nuclear-bomb testing and asked more economic-technical aid to foreign countries. Troy (N.Y.) Conference called for church workshops to study possible harm from radiation. Wyoming Conference (parts of Pennsylvania and New York) urged Methodists to write their congressmen in support of the government's mutual-aid program.

Several sessions advocated abolition of the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction and eventual integration of all Negro and white Annual Conferences. New York East said the present segregated system "encourages sectionalism, weakens the episcopacy, and is ineffective as a promotional agent."

Peninsula Conference (Maryland-Delaware) opposed the "Little Rock Bill" in the Delaware legislature, which would close the schools if federal troops are sent to them. And Louisiana Conference hit at efforts to abolish public schools in favor of private, segregated schools. A similar appeal for all-out support of public schools came from Troy Conference, which criticized the use of public funds for parochial schools.

Crime was a chief target of Philadelphia Conference, which accepted an invitation from Pennsylvania's Gov. George M. Leader to investivate charges that the state parole board has engaged in "wholesale release of convicted killers and bandits." Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, who presided, scored "respectable citizens who are doing nothing to support good government."

Alcohol was hit by several conferences. North Texas petitioned the state legislature: Allow only one local-option election in a 12-month period in a county, precinct, or municipality; close liquor outlets at 10 p.m.; prohibit Sunday sales; limit outlets to one per 1,000 population.

Troy and Northern New York asked the New York legislature to raise the minimum drinking age from 18 to 21. And Northern New York urged an end to alcohol service on planes.

North Indiana gave advance support to the "implied consent" bill expected to be introduced in the next session of the state legislature. It provides that drivers' licenses carry automatic consent to intoxication tests on police request. The tests now are prohibited without the motorists' consent.

Many sessions also raised pastors' minimum salaries and expanded insurance coverage.

New Folk-dance Records

The Methodist Church has produced six new folk-dance records, including tunes for Hungarian and Jewish dances, Southern mountain running sets, and New England folk dances.

"We are the only religious group, to my knowledge, that has produced records for folk games and dancing," said the Rev. Wallace Chappell of the General Board of Education. Since 1946, some 200,000 Methodist folk-dance records have been sold.

Caravans Visit 140 Churches

Some 140 Methodist churches in the U.S. are being served by youth caravans this summer.

Each church is visited for one week by a team of four Methodist college students and an older counselor, who work to revitalize and strengthen the youth program. There are 92 students and 23 counselors in teams this summer.

Now in its 20th year, the caravan program has reached more than 1 million people in 1,800 churches.

Plan Washington Center

A multi-million dollar center in Washington, D.C., to commemorate the religious heritage of the U.S., is planned by Religious Heritage of America, Inc.

The plant is to include auditorium, chapel, library, and museum containing documents relating to religious freedom.

To Give Teen-age View

Four teen-agers will interpret problems which youths face at home to 3,000 parents and church workers at the third National Methodist Conference on Family Life, in Chicago Oct. 17-19.

The Methodist General Committee on Family Life listed the four as: Nadine Walsten, Cushing, Wis.; Martha Ellen Lewis, Columbus, Ohio; Sybel West, Evanston, Ill., and Roger Collins, Bristow, Okla.

Latin American Report

Back in New York from a three-month trip through Central and South America, Methodist official James E. Ellis reports:

- Unprecedented opportunity for Protestant growth.
- Exemption of missionaries from anti-U.S. feeling.

Dr. Ellis is executive secretary for Latin American countries of the Board of Missions' Division of World Missions. "In virtually every country I

At Idaho Conference session in Nampa, a lay pastor receives award for the largest percentage increase in members joining the church on profession of faith. Ira Griffith (right), pastor at Richland, Ore., accepts plaque from the Rev. W. L. Coe (left), Rupert, Ida. The Rev. R. W. Ragsdale represents Board of Evangelism.

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

ently, he starts her on another adventure in a onder-filled world.

Will her world always be peaceful, so free? You n help it be—by helping l keep the peace.

But peace costs money. oney for strength to keep e peace. Money for sci- ce and education to help ake peace lasting. And oney saved by individuals.

Your Savings Bonds, as a ect investment in your untry, make you a Part- r in strengthening Amer- a's Peace Power.

The chart below shows w the Bonds you buy will rn money for you. But e most important thing ey earn is *peace*. They lp us keep the things th keeping.

Think it over. Are you ying as many Bonds as *might?*

Photograph by Harold Halma

HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL WITH U. S. SAVINGS BONDS *(in just 8 years, 11 months)*			
you nt about	$2,500	$5,000	$10,000
h week,	$4.75	$9.50	$18.75

This shows only a few examples. You an save any sum, buying Bonds by Payroll Savings or where you bank. Start your program now!

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

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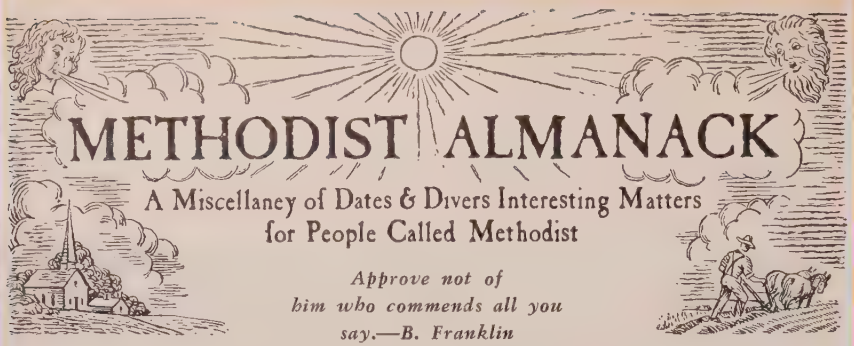

JULY hath XXXI days — 7th Month

Put thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye;
So shall thy work be done.—Luther

15	Tu	Lt. Peary starts 6th Arctic trip, 1896
16	W	D. C. established, 1790
17	Th	Artist James Whistler dies, 1903
18	Fr	While Nero played, Rome burned, 64 A.D.
19	Sa	World Methodist Council, Oxford ☞
20	S	Draft starts, 1917
21	M	F.D.R. nominated for record 4th term, 1944
22	Tu	Asbury ordains Michael Leard, 1788 1st ordination west of Alleghenies
23	W	1st U. S. swimming school makes splash in Boston, 1827
24	Th	***Ability is a poor man's wealth.***
25	Fr	Wyoming Territory organized, 1868
26	Sa	Gen. Sam Houston d., 1863
27	S	World Service Sunday
28	M	Brig. Young picks Mormon Temple site, 1847
29	Tu	Niagara supension bridge completed, 1848
30	W	Executive committee, World Methodist Council, convenes in Germany
31	Th	Carlisle Indian School established, 1882 Grid immortal Jim Thorpe went there

■ Some 300 Methodist clergy and laymen from all over the world—among them 35 Americans—will examine "Bible theology and Methodist doctrine" at Lincoln College, Oxford, England, July 19-29. It's an appropriate spot, for John Wesley was a fellow of Lincoln College (see Backtracking John Wesley, page 33). Annual session of executive committee, World Methodist Council, follows in Freudenstadt, Germany, July 30-Aug. 4. Among other decisions they'll choose the location of the 1961 World Methodist Conference.

AUGUST hath XXXI days — 8th Month

In the parching August wind,
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread.—Rossetti

1	Fr	J. Wesley visits Moravians, 1738 ☞
2	Sa	Hitler takes over Germany, 1934
3	S	1st express office opens, Omaha, 1857
4	M	***Honor the Lord with thy substance.***
5	Tu	Cornerstone laid for pedestal, Statue of Liberty, 1884
6	W	Atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima, 1945
7	Th	Asbury decides to stay in America, 1775 ☞ Throws in lot with colonists
8	Fr	Luftwaffe wounds England, 1940
9	Sa	Stages roll between San Antonio, San Diego, 1857
10	S	Denmark ends 4-day Methodist Centennial
11	M	Spanish troops take over St. Louis, 1768
12	Tu	***A fool cannot be still.***
13	W	Florence Nightingale d., 1910
14	Th	V-J Day, 1945

■ After his "heart-warming" Aldersgate experience, May 24, 1738, John Wesley spent a "contented" summer at Moravian headquarters in Bohemia.

■ As revolution approached, many Loyalist Methodist preachers returned to England; Asbury stayed on. In August, TOGETHER will pay special tribute to Francis Asbury with a painting, a full-length feature, and color pictorial on the Asbury Trail in the Smokies.

visited," he said, "I found the church growing as never before and doors for Protestant evangelism opening wider than at any time in my experience.

"This is reflected in the urgent appeals for more missionaries. . . I was asked, 'Don't the Methodists in America realize that in many places the need for missionaries is more urgent than for money?' "

He added: "Latin Americans realize that the purpose of the missionary is to build the church of Jesus Christ and not to sell."

Macmillan Sees Free Russia

The seeds of democracy eventually will take root in Russian and other Communist countries, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan predicted in a major policy talk at Depauw University, Greencastle, Ind. The British leader, whose mother was a Hoosier, spoke at the 119th commencement of the Methodist-related college. [See *Spencer, Indiana, Remembers the Day Well,* June, page 27.]

Sooner or later, he declared, the Communists "will ask themselves the old questions and search for the answers: 'Who made us?' 'Why are we here?' 'Is there a right and wrong?' 'Is there God?' "

Meanwhile, he added, the free world must make its own philosophy known. The key to victory, he said, is success in spreading the free world's ideals to the "hesitating and uncommitted countries."

Macmillan said the UN "has foundered on the deep divisions in the world between the two different concepts of society, of government, and of man's relation to his Creator." He called for further development of the political and economic interdependence between the U.S. and Great Britain "to strengthen the free world; . . . then the cohesion of the free world will be so strong, its attractions so great, that the threat to our way of life will decline over the years."

Help Puerto Ricans Build

Methodist churches in the Philadelphia Area—1,100 of them—have received a plea to increase their support of Puerto Rican churches.

District and conference leaders asked area Methodists to raise funds to: build churches, support Puerto Rican pastors and stateside missionaries, and provide college and seminary training for ministerial students.

Puerto Rican Methodism is affiliated with the area, which already is helping build the new $160,000 University Church near the campus of the University of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras and a $112,000 church in the growing Reparto Metropolitano suburb of San Juan.

ETHODIST COLLEGES STILL HAVE OPENINGS

llege applications for the fall term piling up fast, but a number of Meth-t-related schools still have openings. Board of Education, co-operating TOGETHER, asked 106 Methodist schools current figures. The schools listed w reported openings. Other schools be listed next month.

drian College, Adrian, Mich.: 100 ings. Liberal arts, business, educa- preprofessional. Tie in with U. of igan.

bion College, Albion, Mich.: openings 40 men. Liberal arts, preprofessional.

merican University, Washington, D.C.: openings. Liberal arts, business, edu-n, nursing, music, law.

hens College, Athens, Ala.: 200 open- Liberal arts, business, education.

thune-Cookman College, Daytona ch, Fla.: 200 openings. Liberal arts, cation.

rmingham-Southern College, Birm-am, Ala.: 100 openings for day stu-s. Liberal arts, preprofessional. Tie with Southern Research Institute, away Methodist School of Nursing, mingham Civic Ballet School.

ntenary College of Louisiana, Shreve-: 100 openings. Liberal arts, industrial nology, music, preprofessional.

ntral College, Fayette, Mo.: 40 open- Liberal arts, education, music. Tie with professional schools.

llege of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Wash.: penings. Liberal arts, business, oc-tional therapy, medical technology, ring, preprofessional.

llege of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif.: penings. Liberal arts, religious edu-n, business, education, engineering, macy, preprofessional.

Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.: ings for 15 men. Liberal arts, music, ng. Tie ins with several engineering s.

ory and Henry College, Emory, Va.: enings. Liberal arts, business, music, ious education, preprofessional.

ory University, Atlanta, Ga.: open- for 140 men. Arts and sciences, try, law, medicine, nursing, theol-usiness.

nsville College, Evansville, Ind.: enings. Liberal arts, education, en-ing, business, nursing, medical ology, preprofessional. Tie ins with a U., Purdue.

rum Junior College, Ferrum, Va.: gs for 20 women. Liberal arts, busi-music, preprofessional.

da Southern College, Lakeland, 50 openings. Liberal arts, prepro-nal. Tie in with Duke U.

nsboro College, Greensboro, N.C.: gs for 40 men. Liberal arts, busi-music, education.

mline University, St. Paul, Minn.: penings. Liberal arts, business, edu-n, nursing, medical technology, pre-sisonal. Tie in with American U.

ston-Tillotson College, Austin, Tex.: openings. Liberal arts, education, ness.

nois Wesleyan University, Blooming- openings for 50 men. Liberal arts, e, nursing, business, education, pre-ssional. Tie ins with Illinois Institute echnology, Duke U.

va Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasant: penings. Liberal arts, business, edu-n, nursing, preprofessional. Tie ins Duke, American U.

nsas Wesleyan University, Salina: penings. Liberal arts, music, busi- education, nursing, preprofessional. ms with Kansas State, U. of Kansas.

nbuth College, Jackson, Tenn.: 125 openings. Liberal arts, education, business, preprofessional.

Louisburg College, Louisburg, N.C.: 100 openings. Two-year liberal arts, business, preprofessional.

Lycoming College, Williamsport, Pa.: some openings. Liberal arts, business, medical technology, education. Tie ins with Penn State, Bucknell, Duke.

MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill.: 40 openings. Liberal arts, education, business, music. Tie in with U. of Illinois in engineering.

McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.: 28 openings. Liberal arts, education, music.

McMurry College, Abilene, Tex.: 150 openings. Liberal arts, education, business, preprofessional.

Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn.: 40 openings. Two-year liberal arts, business.

Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn.: 70 openings. Medicine, dentistry, nursing, medical technology, dental hygiene, dental technology.

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Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa: 100 openings for freshmen, unlimited openings for other students. Liberal arts, business, education, music, preprofessional. Tie ins with State University of Iowa, Iowa State.

Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio: some openings. Liberal arts, education, music, nursing, medical technology. Tie ins with U. of Pennsylvania, Ohio State.

Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln: 100 openings. Liberal arts, music, church vocations, social work, business, education, preprofessional. Tie in with American U.

Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma City: 400 openings. Arts and sciences, music, business, law, industrial arts, engineering.

Paine College, Augusta, Ga.: 162 openings. Liberal arts, education.

Pfeiffer College, Misenheimer, N.C.: 75 openings. Liberal arts, business, education, nursing.

Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Ark.: 150 openings. Liberal arts, education, business, preprofessional.

Port Arthur College, Port Arthur, Tex.: 100 openings. Business, electronics.

Reinhardt College, Waleska, Ga.: 50 openings. Two-year liberal arts, business, preprofessional.

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Snead Junior College, Boaz, Ala.: 150 openings. Arts and sciences, agriculture, business, education, medical technology, preprofessional.

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Southwestern College, Winfield, Kan.: 100 openings. Liberal arts, medical technology, nursing.

Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.: openings for 75 men. Liberal arts, education, preprofessional. Tie ins with Massachusetts Institute of Technology, U. of Texas, Duke U.

Spartanburg Junior College, Spartanburg, S.C.: 100 openings. Liberal arts, business.

Sue Bennett College, London, Ky.: 50 openings. Two-year liberal arts, business, education.

Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y.: some openings. Liberal arts, business, engineering, law, nursing, medical tech-

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(For Information See Page 72)

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nology, music, religious education, drama.

Tennessee Wesleyan College, Athens: 100 openings. Liberal arts, education, business.

Texas Wesleyan College, Fort Worth: 50 openings. Liberal arts, business, education.

University of Chattanooga, Chattanooga, Tenn.: 250 openings. Arts and sciences, music, business, education, engineering. Tie ins with Vanderbilt, Duke, U. of Tenn., Georgia Institute of Technology.

University of Denver, Denver, Colo.: up to 1,500 openings. Arts and sciences, business, engineering, social work, librarianship, music, nursing, education, theology.

West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon: openings for 50 men. Liberal arts, education, business, music, preprofessional. Tie ins with several universities.

Westminster College, Salt Lake City, Utah: 100 openings. Liberal arts, education, business, music, engineering, nursing.

Wiley College, Marshall, Tex.: 150 openings. Liberal arts, education, music.

Willamette University, Salem, Ore.: 100 openings. Liberal arts, music, law. Tie ins with several universities.

Wood Junior College, Mathiston, Miss.: 20 openings. Liberal arts, business.

Bishop Lord Feted

Bishop John Wesley Lord celebrated his 10th anniversary as head of Methodism's Boston Area June 15, when thousands of New England Protestants jammed Boston University for a vesper service.

The crowd included congressmen, college presidents, and banner carriers representing several denominations. A 1,000-voice choir of Methodists sang.

Bishop Lord has served the Boston Area longer than any other man. [See *Tapping Trees for the Lord,* January, page 75.] He rose to bishop after a career as factory worker, shoe salesman, sailor, teacher, law student, and pastor. *The Boston Herald,* which devoted a 16-page Sunday supplement to him and Methodism, labeled him a "shirt-sleeve bishop." It quoted him: "The service on Sunday is not an end, but a preparation for social action in the week ahead."

Parents Blamed for Softness

In attempting to make life easier for their children, American parents are committing their "worst crime," according to Prof. Ethel J. Alpenfels of New York University. The professor told a recent Unitarian session in Boston that the nation can make progress against delinquency "when we begin to attack the idea of parents having one set of values for themselves and another for their children."

Another professor, the Rev. Fredric Norstad of Luther Theological Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., criticized American parents "for substituting the Sunday school for the teaching job parents ought to be doing at home." He advocated Sunday school "for parents to teach them again this job that belongs to the home."

Peace Board Takes Stand On Atomic-Age Issues

The Board of World Peace has taken a stand on some of the toughest U.S. foreign and domestic issues. At its recent annual meeting it acted on:

Nuclear weapons—The Board endorsed statements from American churchmen, including six Methodist bishops, condemning these explosives, and from the National Council of Churches favoring control and limitation of A-tests by international agreement. It opposed proposals to share nuclear-weapon knowledge.

Disarmament—The Board backed the stand of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, calling for the U.S. to "abandon its inflexible position" on this question and recommending a four-step route to disarmament.

Summit conference—It backed the idea, but urged the U.S. to link it closely with the UN to make use of the UN Secretary General and his staff.

Recession—The Board said this should not be used as an excuse to boost military spending and extend Selective Service; nor should it cause the U.S. to cut foreign aid.

Travel freedom—It urged the U.S. to relax restrictions, allow newsmen and church leaders to move both ways between the U.S. and Red China.

Population—Calling attention to the world's soaring birth rate, it reaffirmed the church's 1956 stand in favor of planned parenthood and urged the problem be given serious study by the UN Commission on Population. UN sources indicate that the estimated 7 billion world population by 1970 will place great strain upon economic resources.

U.S. Congressional elections—The Board reminded Methodists that they have an obligation to study foreign-policy pronouncements and voting records of candidates.

The Board also noted a trend toward organizing more local church Commissions on Christian Social Relations. The Rev. Daniel E. Taylor, Chicago, Board general secretary, reported 6,000 such commissions have been formed.

The Board of World Peace is one of the official agencies of the church. General policies of Methodism are formulated by the General Conference, but this Board seeks to interpret the Conference's statements on problems of peace in terms of current events.

Churches Inadequate?

Secularization is a "very serious stumbling block in our society," according to Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey.

It is a "world-powerful force" and denotes a "growing attachment to a way of life in which there is neither

d nor place for religion," Dr. Pusey Harvard's latest graduates.

onsidering "how inadequately rches have served the needs of peo- in this new technological and larly attractive age, it is not so sur- ing that many have withdrawn n or remain outside churches to advantage of the growing secu- zation," he said.

he impression that religion is ir- vant has been "mightily strength- d" among thoughtful people by "shortcomings" they have some- s observed among those who would nce the cause of religion, Dr. Pusey ted out.

he importance of religion, he said, in supplying meaning to life, by filling hope, and by giving through n in God a basis for ethical be- or."

gin Church-State Series

What is meant by "separation of rch and state"? How do religious sectarian traditions bear on it? ut should be the relationship of re- n to public education? How can munities work together to solve or ent tensions?

hese were among the "issues of ern" aired in New York East Con- nce, at the first in a pioneering s of four assemblies designed to clergy and laymen a reasoned per- ive in facing church-state conflicts cal communities. About 40 persons ded the two-day session sponsored he General and Conference Boards ocial and Economic Relations.

. Dudley Ward, general secretary, ined that forming recommenda- for action was not the assembly's c. "We need to move from a study storic interpretations to dealing retely with realities," he said. "We these objective, detailed discus- will lead toward judgment, and ately to Christian decisions, on conflicts and issues. This con- on was an excellent beginning." ny groups were represented, g others Protestants and Other icans United for Separation of ch and State, and the National erence of Christians and Jews.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

METHODISTS IN RUSSIA. Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of *The New Christian Advocate,* and executive-committee member of the World Methodist Council, will head a group of a dozen church leaders—including three Methodist bishops—on an eight-day tour of the USSR in August. They plan to contact Russian Orthodox and evangelical Christian leaders in Russia.

TV DEGREE. Methodist-related American University, Washington, D.C., in co-operation with the National Capital Area Council of Churches, is offering an unusual credit course in religion this fall. To attend classes, you stay home and watch TV.

WSCS IN AFRICA. Mrs. J. Fount Tillman, president, Woman's Division of Christian Service, and Mrs. C. A. Bender, a Division specialist in international relations, [See *Women With the World on Their Minds,* April, page 10] are visiting Methodist mission fields in Africa this summer.

HEADS YMCA. J. Clinton Hawkins, lay leader of St. Louis Annual Conference since 1947, has been elected president of the YMCA national council.

GIFTS UP. The Methodist Church received more than $22 million for its general benevolence and administrative funds for the fiscal year ending May 31. This is an increase of 6.42 per cent over the 1956-57 total.

BIBLES, IN AND OUT. The U.S. exported more than $1 million worth of Bibles and New Testaments to the world (58 per cent to Canada) in 1957; balanced things off by importing same amount (89 per cent from England), according to a Department of Commerce report.

BASEBALL: WHAT'S BREWING? After investigation, the Methodist Board of Temperance finds that every major-league baseball club has sold radio and TV broadcasting rights to brewers this season.

BAN BOMB? Civilization better consider how to live with nuclear weapons rather than try to ban them, Dr. William G. Pollard, executive director of Oak Ridge, Tenn., Institute of Nuclear Studies, and an ordained Protestant Episcopal priest, has told a Philadelphia church group. "A mistaken decision" concerning the "God-created power" could condemn "vast areas of the world to a tyranny and barbarism" worse than Hungary, he said. [See *Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?* November, 1956, page 16.]

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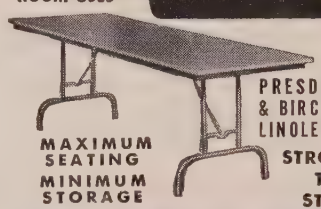

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

Charlie Russell:
His brush captured the West.

Let's Get Acquainted

WHETHER or not you collect Western Americana, there's a treat on page 38—a rare **Charlie Russell** painting of his close friend, Brother Van [see *Saint in Stirrups,* page 18], shooting a buffalo. Russell was perhaps the outstanding cowboy artist. This particular painting is owned by the Montana Deaconess Hospital in Great Falls, Mont., and TOGETHER presents it as a tribute to Methodism and its part in opening the West.

Charlie Russell loved two things—color and action. On roundups he carried water colors in his bedroll and today his works are noted for their authenticity.

Many of his early paintings and sketches were given away. More often than not his letters to friends were illustrated in color. It wasn't until Charlie Russell was married in 1896 that, influenced by his wife, he began to take his work seriously. Exhibits then were seen in most of the major cities in the U.S. as well as in London.

●

In *Don't Get 'Thumbed' Into Trouble* (page 30), **George Daniels** weighs the question of when to pick up hitch-hikers and comes up with the one-word warning, "Never." To get the facts, Daniels spent long weeks checking with state highway police, the FBI, the American Automobile Association, newspaper files, and police records. Prize-winning reporter Daniels won the Page One Award of the Chicago Newspaper Guild in 1955, joined our staff last October. As a newspaperman, he got an early start: He was part owner of a weekly paper while still in college!

●

Edgar I. Doudna, author of *Prayer Before Take-off* (page 9), has had plenty of opportunity to practice "flying faith." He started flying for the Air Force in 1941, has been an airline pilot for 14 years. Now living with his wife and two girls in Wheaton, Ill., he attends Gary Memorial Methodist Church, sings in the choir, is Methodist Men's program director, and assistant lay leader. Carrying human lives in his hands, this Christian pilot finds his quiet "moment of meditation" just before taking off a terrific spiritual aid.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Capturing expression is as much an art for a cameraman as a portrait painter. Even **Wally McNamee,** *Washington Post* photographer who took the award-winning photo of *Unusual Methodist* Rodney McComb (page 16), isn't sure exactly how he does it. In this case, he chose his subject, selected his background—and got a lucky break; "the expression in Rodney's eyes was just right." The shot won McNamee the feature class first prize in the White House News Photographers' Association contest. His award, a plaque, was presented by President Eisenhower at Calvary Methodist Church's spring bazaar.

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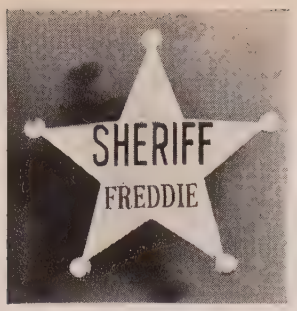

Sheriff's Badge—When the cowboy set proudly wear badges with their own names on 'em, bandits, look out! Law and justice ride with the "good guys." Made of shiny nickel. Print name. 79¢; 2 for $1.50. *Elron, Inc., Dept. T, 225 W. Erie, Chicago 10, Ill.*

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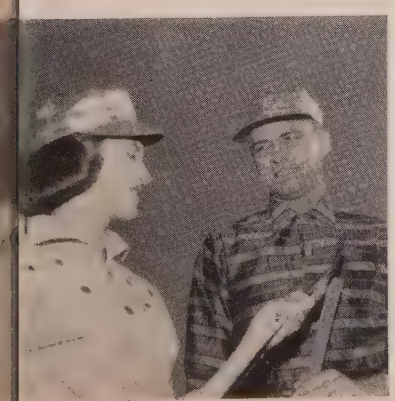

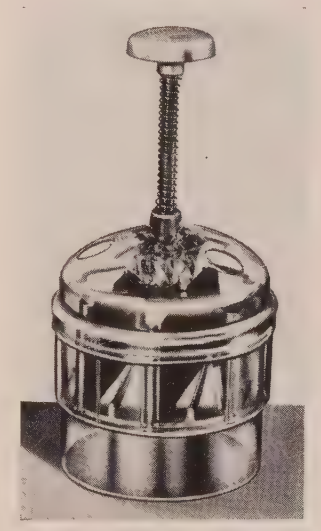

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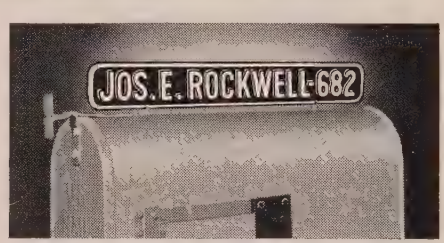

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By ADLAI C. HOLLER
Editor, South Carolina Methodist Advocate

THEY USED to travel for days to attend an old-time Methodist camp meeting. They came on foot, on horseback, or in wagons loaded with crates of chickens and pigs, slabs of corn bread, sacks of grain, and trailed by tethered cows and calves.

There was no thought of hardship for the camp meeting was the biggest event of the frontier year. It was as American as Indian corn and the covered wagon, as significant as the fabled circuit riders in sparking Methodism's upsurge in this country. After its birth in 1800, the camp meeting generated such enthusiasm that 12 years later Methodists alone were holding 400 a year. Later these meetings were recognized as the most distinctive feature of early 19th-century religious life. [See *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* June, 1957, page 28.]

While Methodists are largely credited with development of the camp meeting, a Presbyterian minister, James McGready, is believed to have led the first one. McGready, according to one account, was able to "so array hell and its horrors before the wicked that they would tremble and quake, imagining a lake of fire and brimstone yawning to overwhelm them, and the wrath of God thrusting them down the horrible abyss." Using these tactics, he "saved" scores of frontiersmen in a section of Kentucky described as abounding in desperadoes.

Soon Methodists were holding camp meetings of their own, patterned after those McGready began—but with one important refinement. Francis Asbury, America's pioneer Methodist bishop, stressed to circuit riders John Wesley's belief that religious gatherings must be orderly. Emotional outbursts that characterized the earliest meetings were discouraged and by 1830 the frenzied meeting was largely a thing of the past. Replacing it was one still lusty, but more ritualized and predictable. Under Methodist leadership, camp meetings came of age.

Some of that old-time flavor and excitement has carried over to Methodist camp meetings today. One of the most famous is held early each October at Indian Field Camp Ground, near St. George, S.C. With many Dorchester County stores, schools, and churches closed, daily attendance sometimes tops 5,000. Certainly it's one of the biggest camp meetings operating today.

Indian Field still has a glimmer of the old revivalist tradition which can be traced back as far as 1740, when evangelist George Whitefield made the first of 15 visits to South Carolina.

Whitefield never knew the camp meeting. But Methodist circuit riders, under whose leadership it flourished, followed Whitefield's example in taking God's word into the wilderness. They were ever ready to pack a Bible, a hymnbook, and a *Discipline* in their saddlebags and ride off into remote regions—anywhere souls needed saving.

Still, many historians doubt that even these dedicated witnesses could have stemmed the rising tide of irreligion and sin on the frontier. Something as bold and violent as the frontier itself was needed to bring religion to settlers.

Almost like a godsend, the camp meeting was born. At first, many were attracted primarily because it filled one of the frontier's great needs—social contact. It offered a chance for breaking monotony. But once a crowd had assembled, evangelists had a rare opportunity to make spiritual hay.

To many frontiersmen, Satan was as real as a horse thief, eternal damnation as constantly menacing as drought. Massed elbow to elbow, such a throng was easily swayed by the exhortations of a fiery preacher. First he graphically described the wages of sin, then he cajoled, offering hope for salvation through belief in Christ. Almost always emotion swept the multitude; scores begged tearfully for grace. This was a living religion—frontier style.

Methodism tied in naturally with camp meetings. John Wesley's followers maintained that salvation was potentially available to all—and few frontiersmen felt they could pass up a genuine chance at heaven. Circuit riders then would keep camp-meeting converts in the fold.

Many of the itinerant Methodist preachers "got religion" in strange, sometimes violent, ways—and they expected to witness the same sweet agony as others were converted. Peter Cartwright was converted when a voice from heaven directed: "Peter, look at me." James B. Finley, eight-time General Conference delegate, gave a shout and fell prostrate after a camp-meeting exhorter made him regret his sins.

Under the leadership of such men often as rugged and unschooled as those to whom they ministered, Methodism flourished. At the time of the Christmas Conference in 1784, when Thomas Coke and Asbury were appointed superintendents of the new Methodist

Warmed by campfire and by fellowship, small fry rest inside Indian Field's great circle of 99 "tents," arched by giant oaks and pines.

l Church, America had only 5,000 Methodists. But by 1840 mber had swelled to 850,000—largely to the camp meeting.

Field Camp Ground traces its ack to those days. Asbury, by bishop, preached in 1801 and the old Indian Field, a mile present site. By 1840, a new er tract had been bought by lo-nodists—for $1—and a commu-nts sprung up for each meeting. the setting is still rich in nat-uty. Sheltered by stately oaks g-leafed pine trees, a 1,200-seat le—which dates back more than y — is the center of activity. it is a huge circle of "tents"—wooden buildings owned by ilies and passed on from gen-to generation. Most are two gh, with dirt floors and few onveniences, yet able to accom-s many as 40 overnight guests. meeting week is a time for g and visiting with friends, ing family fellowship. It offers ng change from modern-day rticularly because the old-time ting flavor is retained.

n advance of the first prayer on a typical camp-meeting day, handmade tin bugle — one of arry-overs from the past — campers. From then on, the rammed with meetings for chil-l youth, with three main wor-vices—morning, afternoon, and —in the tabernacle, with hearty d snacks prepared in each tent. moments campers promenade ne great circle, where many a st romance flowered in days . And then, signaling the end er camp day, the old tin bugle ne last time, sending everyone his tent.

distinguishing feature is a

No tent stints on its eats, even though meals are cooked on crude outdoor stoves. Always room here for an unexpected guest!

Little has changed inside the century-old tabernacle, where evangelists address large evening crowds such as this. One added modern touch is electric lighting.

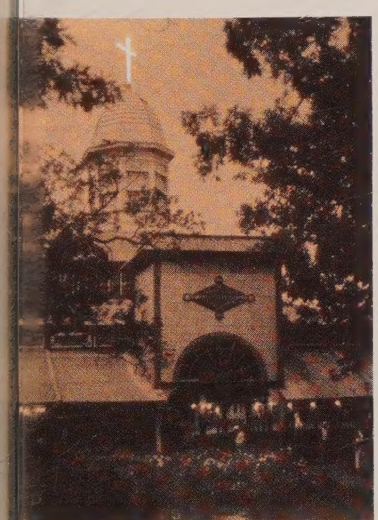
friendly competition among tent owners, who offer free meals to visitors at any religious service. On Sundays, when the crowd is at its peak, some tents have served as many as 200 at a single meal. A special tent is maintained for housing visiting ministers and guest evangelists, as many as 50 of whom may be present at one time. However, they always share meals in other tents.

Indian Field is administered by trustees responsible to nearby St. George Methodist Church; the Charleston district superintendent takes charge of each year's program. This typically Methodist meeting owes its vitality to individual worshipers who come together for spiritual refreshment, to meet with friends —and to carry on traditions which originated long ago. As in circuit-rider days, the heart of Indian Field Camp Meeting is found in the people. That's where it all began—and that's where it will live on.

First, only darkness—
then cottages twinkle alive
as the whole campground
becomes a candlelit wonderland.
This happens every August
during the famous...

Illumination Night

ADITION-MINDED folks "Down East" are as proud
neir camp-meeting heritage as are South Carolinians (see
eding three pages). For proof, just visit Martha's Vine-
, off the Massachusetts coast, where islanders boast of
mp-meeting colony which still retains the Victorian charm
ad 75 years ago. Thousands of tourists see it each year.
igh spot of every summer season is Illumination Night,
n the campground is transformed into a rich-hued
land. More than 2,000 oriental paper lanterns, in every
ginable shape, are hung on cottages and strung about the
nds adjoining a huge central tabernacle. Lighted simul-
ously, they flood the area with a warm candlelike glow.
n, as visitors promenade, hospitable cottage owners serve
h and cookies in their tiny, quaint parlors.
o wonder an estimated 7,000 persons, many of them "off-
aders," witnessed the event last August! Here is an ex-
g, authentic bit of Methodist Americana—spiced with the
of the 19th-century camp meeting.



ore the lanterns are lit,
crowd gathers in this
e steel tabernacle—built
1879 — for community
ing and a band concert.

Cottage owners cherish unusual paper lanterns such as this, made in Haiti. It will be just one of 2,000—some over 80 years old — displayed on Illumination Night.

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